



The Sketch

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OF ALL CONFECTIONERS.



THE SKETCH



No. 1465.—Vol. CXIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



A DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH OF JOSÉ COLLINS: THE FAMOUS ACTRESS IN "SYBIL."

Miss José Collins is here seen in her new rôle of Sybil, the name-part of the musical comedy which comes to Daly's after having scored a big success at Manchester. The picture is an excellent example of natural-colour photography—that is, a photograph taken in colours direct from the sitter. It shows Miss Collins in one of the dresses designed and made for her

by Mr. Reville. It is a Hussar costume, carried out in white charmeuse trimmed with Kolinsky, and provided with a coloured Egyptian scarf as a waistband. The Hussar coat is of carmine velvet trimmed with gold braid and ermine, and lined with Kolinsky; and the shako hat is of ermine, with a carmine-velvet crown, and adorned with a carmine-and-white osprey.

Natural-Colour Photograph by the Reville Studio.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Learnt by Browsing.

Do you ever "browse," friend the reader? With reference to humans, "browsing" is generally taken to mean smelling, or sniffing, or savouring books without actually reading them. Literally, of course, the word is applicable to cattle, and means to pasture, eat, or feed upon; to crop and swallow, as leaves and shoots; in short, to graze.

Authors who are anxious to become masters of their trade, *quâ* trade, should never lose an opportunity of browsing. I browsed this morning, not of set purpose, but for the very simple reason that I wanted to buy a book which I could read with thorough enjoyment—no such easy task, as you will admit.

Anyway, I learnt my little lesson. Two ladies, richly clad in ultra-expensive skins, were also browsing, the bookseller in attendance.

"Have you read this, Madam? Just out. I can highly recommend it."

"Looks nice, from the picture. Is it startling?"

"Well, Madam, I haven't actually read it myself, but—"

"Oh, but I must have something startling! I can't abide a book that isn't startling! Pick me out four startling ones, if you please, and I'll take them with me."

"And what," I asked, when the customer had departed, "did she mean by 'startling'? Adventures? Thrilling escapes?"

"Oh, no, Sir. I think she meant the kind of book in which a young woman does something she's no business to do."

I make a present of this real conversation to any young author who wishes to become rich and adulated in a moment of time. I do not promise to buy his startling works myself, but there are thousands of ladies going up and down the country, in ultra-expensive skins, who will.

A Further Lesson. The bookseller, having delivered himself of this homily, and observing, doubtless, that I was impressed with his knowledge of all that pertained to the art of bookselling, selected a very well-known book by a very well-known author, and asked me if I had read it. I said I had.

"A good writer," he commented; "but he had his fault."

"Indeed? And what was that?"

"Don't you know? I thought everybody knew."

I admitted a terrible ignorance on all matters literary.

"Well, he used to take one too many."

Such intimate lore was disconcerting. Imagine, then, my horror when he selected from the shelves a humble work of my own.

"Now here," he said, "is a book that might interest you."

"What's it about?" I asked. (As a matter of fact, it was a volume of dialogues, in which I had endeavoured, in my poor way,

to set before the reader all sorts and conditions of men, from Peers to pickpockets.)

The bookseller opened the volume and read a few lines at random. "Oh! *Arguments!*" he exclaimed, and hastily popped it back on the shelves. He had the air of one apologising for having wasted my time.

The Book I Bought.

My final selection rather astonished the bookseller. He thought, I fancy, that I, too, had had one too many. Yet I lighted on the book with great pleasure, and I believe I shall read it with pleasure.

It is an old book. The author is long since dead, but his works still bring delight to thousands. I have never read the book, but it was read aloud to me when I was quite young. It is startling, but not the sort of startling desired by the lady.

It is well printed, on decent paper, and runs to two hundred and sixty-four pages. There is a picture in colours on the dust-cover, or jacket, and other coloured pictures inside. The price I paid for this new copy was half-a-crown, which shows what *can* be done when publishers set their teeth.

And the title? "The Coral Island," by R. M. Ballantyne—immortal.

Unreasonable Prejudice.

On my way home from the bookseller's I met a girl who stared at me through a monocle. It was a long, cool, challenging stare, as much as to say, "Well, what do you think of this? I don't suppose you'll like it, but I don't care a rap whether you do or not. I like it, and I mean to go on wearing it."

I did not like it. Broad-minded though I am—at least, I hope and trust I am—I did not like being stared at by a girl through a monocle. I was annoyed. I told myself that the girl was an affected fool, and should be soundly slapped by the person with the best right to do it—if such existed.

Having lunched, however, I proceeded to examine into the matter. Why shouldn't a girl wear a monocle? If a man has one eye weaker than the other, which justifies him in wearing a monocle, why not a girl? If it comes to that, if a man wears a monocle out of sheer affectation, why shouldn't a girl wear one for the same reason? A more harmless folly, providing that the glass is plain, is inconceivable. By the time I was halfway through my cigar, all the girls in Christendom could have worn monocles, and stared at me through they pleased, without ruffling my

equanimity in the slightest.

There is a moral in this, but I have no space wherein to draw it,

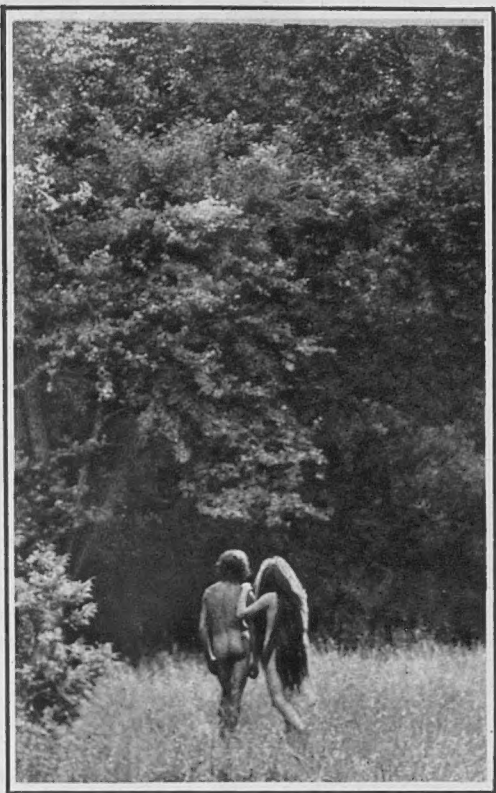


A LOVELY NOTION FROM THE LEAGUE: MISS GRACE CRISTIE'S SILVER BUBBLE DANCE.

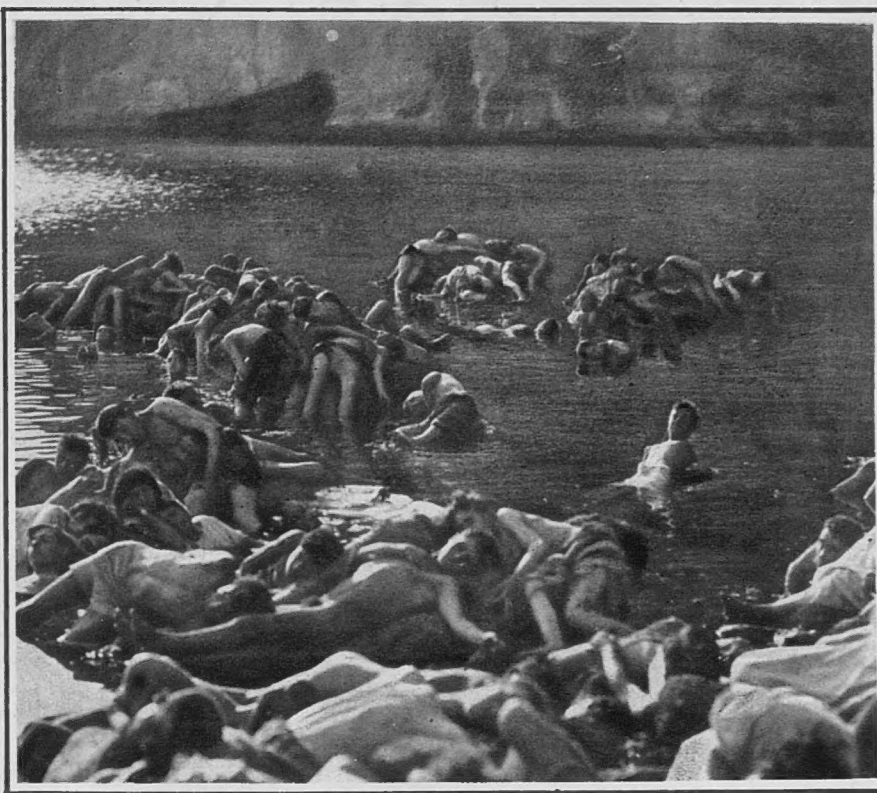
Miss Grace Cristie's Silver Bubble Dance is one of the most fascinating numbers ever seen on the stage, and is a great feature of the "League of Nations" at the Oxford. She juggles gracefully with the big, iridescent ball, which looks just like an ephemeral soap-bubble, and passes it along the white length of her arms in magic fashion, throwing herself and her plaything into a thousand graceful and entrancing poses, and italicising the beauty of her own arms and hands.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Adam and Eve in Eden and the Flood on the Film.



BEFORE THE FALL: ADAM AND EVE
IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.



VICTIMS OF DIVINE WRATH:
THE FLOOD.



TRYING TO ESCAPE: THE LIONESS AND HER CUB AMONG THE HUMANS.

To produce "The Old Testament" on the "movies" sounds a daring undertaking, even for a modern film company ready to spend a million and a half sterling and three and a half years making the picture, but it has been carried through successfully. "The Old Testament" is one of the most remarkable films ever produced, and has been secured by the Astra Film Company for this country. It

deals with Biblical subjects from the purely historical point of view, beginning with the Garden of Eden, and going on through the story of Cain and Abel, to the Deluge, the history of Joseph, the Captivity in Egypt, and Flight through the Desert, etc. Our page shows the Garden of Eden and two of the remarkable pictures in the Flood episode. (See also pages 278-279.)



More About Mariegold



FIRST we inquired at Lady Mond's door in Lowndes Square to learn how she progressed after her operation, a "slight" one.

"They call them all slight, unless they turn you into a dug-out, with entrenchments," says Mariegold.

Having got as far as Lowndes Square, Mariegold decided to explore Kensington, in search of beads. Church Street is dotted all the way up with curio shops, but the desirable beads were not forthcoming.

What did catch our eye, however, was a notice in one window filled with rather dowdy-looking devotional literature.

"Books for Lent Reading at Half Price."

"Somebody is going to make a Lenten sacrifice," observed my companion.

Seller or reader—which? But she left it at that, and I do not pretend to know the answer.

As for Lent, we find we have to go to devout regions like Kensington or Brompton to be at all aware of its existence. Last Wednesday night, for instance, there were no fewer than four distinct dinner-parties in Grosvenor Square—not impromptu affairs, but proper dinner-parties. And yet none of them was in the *Times* the next day.

"At breakfast, when you look at the social column, you get the impression that all Mayfair is fasting; but, believe me, it isn't really so.

"They say," she added with a laugh, "that the Lord Chancellor is dieting hard for a year, as a votive offering to save the Coalition; and it's quite true he went very lightly through a dinner the other night. Is it doctor's orders, I wonder, or has he really made a vow, like an Arthurian knight, to propitiate the Over Lord?"

"'Chuck it, Smith!' will be the cry again, before the year is out, if it's true. That, you remember, was the refrain to a Chesterton poem, exhorting Lord Birkenhead to drop what 'G. K. C.' regarded as a piece of political chicanery.

"And as for fasting in Grosvenor Square, well—it's only a rumour!" Mariegold ran on.

"But you know what the trade says," I answered. "'The other day I asked a big caterer if there really was a slump. 'Slump!' he said; 'why, we're wallowing in it.'"

"Oh, big balls and such-like things may be off, of course; but you ask this caterer of yours, whoever he may be, about the small festivities. I fancy he will manage to carry on with those."

"Fasting is too inconvenient to be the fashion. Nobody encourages it. 'It's not done,' as they say in Pont Street.

"Even my Father Confessor in Farm Street was anything but enthusiastic. You know you scolded me about my one-ounce breakfast. Well, I went to Farm Street to take advice. What do you think my priestie told me? He forbade me to fast until I had got my doctor's consent! I felt like telling him he was shirking

his responsibilities. But I didn't. It occurred to me just in time that I was not called upon to give him *my* views. Just the other way about, don't you know."

There are other things besides those Grosvenor Square dinners that don't get into the papers. About Lord Milner, for instance.

Of what has come out since, I am not concerned. I am speaking merely of the profound ignorance on all hands, when early last week people were talking about an engagement.

A well-known name was mentioned, but, according to Mariegold, it was a shot in the dark. After about three days, Fleet Street got wind of it. The most interesting thing about the whole business was the way in which usually well-informed people were nonplussed. One couldn't, at the time, get positive information or positive denial.

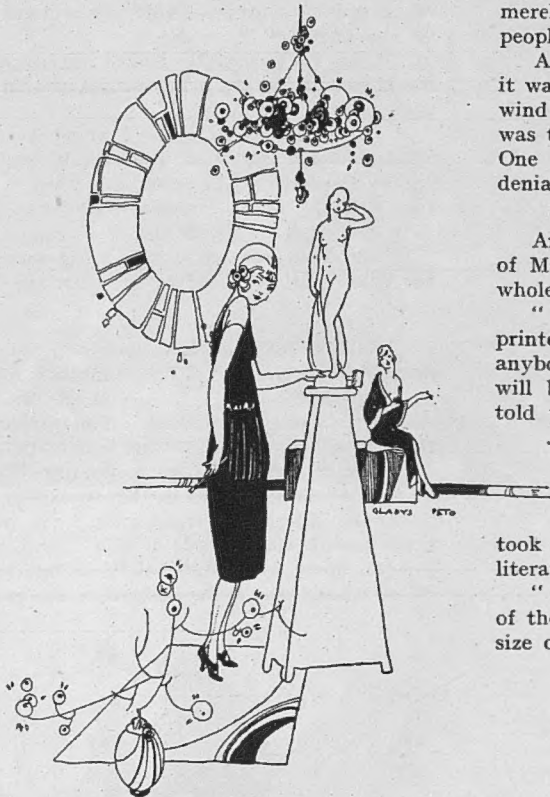
Another "Who is the lady?" query arises over the dedication of Maurice Baring's new volume of poems. "To N. L." fills one whole page of lovely Japanese vellum in the copy Mariegold possesses.

"It's really perfectly simple, but I prefer to have it as he has printed it. Anyway, he has so many friends—more friends than anybody I know—that there are at least half-a-dozen people who will be pleased to claim those initials. It would spoil it all if I told you who she really is."

Lord and Lady Crewe are back in Crewe House, but find lots still to do in it to get back the old feeling of home.

They find it difficult to banish the office atmosphere. It took about a week to turn out all the official papers and propaganda literature that had accumulated inside.

"For several days they did nothing but chuck bundles of it out of the windows, into carts in the courtyard. Each bundle was the size of a bolster," said Mariegold; "it was like unloading a ship."



1. Angela has lately determined to become a sculptor. Had she come to this decision some twenty years ago, after about fifteen years' training and several months of arduous toil, she might have produced a little statuette like this.



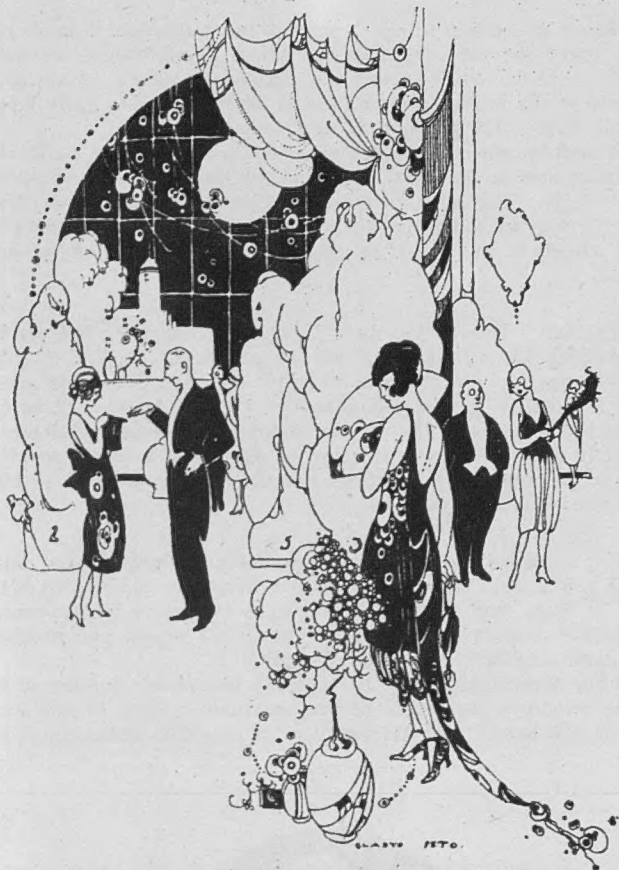
2. But now she merely obtains a pick-axe and some blocks of stone, and in a few weeks has achieved wonders.

"Or a Crewser," I suggested.

At that Mariegold gave me a little homily on the poorness and staleness of all puns based on names. To her they are especially

distasteful. From the time of her christening she has been pursued, she tells me, by members of what she calls the "Ha-ha" gang. They all say the same thing—"Destined to marry money, eh? Ha-ha!"

To hark back a little while; what a day of contrasts the Queen had when Parliament opened. In the afternoon we saw her quite unexpectedly at the Grosvenor Galleries. Even the Management (if that is what you call it in a picture gallery) was unaware of her arrival until Mariegold drew the attention of the said management



3. She then has a little gathering of her more intimate friends to christen the statues. They number the works, and, having thought of some striking names also, decide the titles by drawing lots from Algy's hat.

to her Majesty's presence. Then, when the management had done the deferential thing, the other people in the room woke up one by one. The men removed their hats.

But the Queen was oblivious. She has that right royal way of seeming to be totally unconscious of whether she is recognised or not. Until friends drew near her, she never once looked round. The picture that attracted her longest (though she examined everything as if in duty bound) was Sir John Lavery's "Lady Latham." The Queen, of course, has had personal experience of Lavery's powers as a portrait-painter.

Mariegold admired her Majesty's taste in red. The red of her hat, she told me, was calculated to suit, and did suit, the brilliance of her Majesty's complexion, though not one other woman in a thousand could have lived up to it.

With her Majesty was Princess Mary; and Lady Mary Trefusis (looking a little tired, we thought, as if she could have done with a quiet cup of tea instead of pictures after the pageantry of the morning) was in attendance.

Queer, we thought it, to observe that afternoon's expedition, with the backward recognition of her Majesty's subjects. In the morning one cheered her when she was half-a-mile away; in the afternoon her quiet Daimler crept along behind a motor-bus in the pack of Bond Street traffic.

Lady Cadogan's tiara is the tiara one talks about just now, I am told, if one moves among tiaras.

The story Mariegold tells me is that Lord Cadogan was shown a splendid diamond by—whom do you think?—the man who winds his clocks, and who has wound them for thirty years.

It was so obviously a splendid specimen that Lord Cadogan showed it to Lady Cadogan.

"That," she said, "is exactly the stone I need to go just here, in the centre of my tiara."

And so Lord Cadogan bought it, for a few thousand!

The Prince of Wales will go to Lord and Lady Blythswood on March 8, during his Glasgow visit. Lady Blythswood, the Prince's hostess, was much admired the other day in the Abbey. She is the sister of Mrs. Herbert Johnson, whose girl is soon to marry Lord Somers.

That, like other weddings of the near future, is particularly interesting to the King and Queen, though not all of them, of course, will be attended by their Majesties.

Unless you are a Duke or a Duchess and have the privilege of approaching their Majesties about the wedding you are interested in, there is no saying whether you will get Royalty to it or not. It's on the knees of the gods.

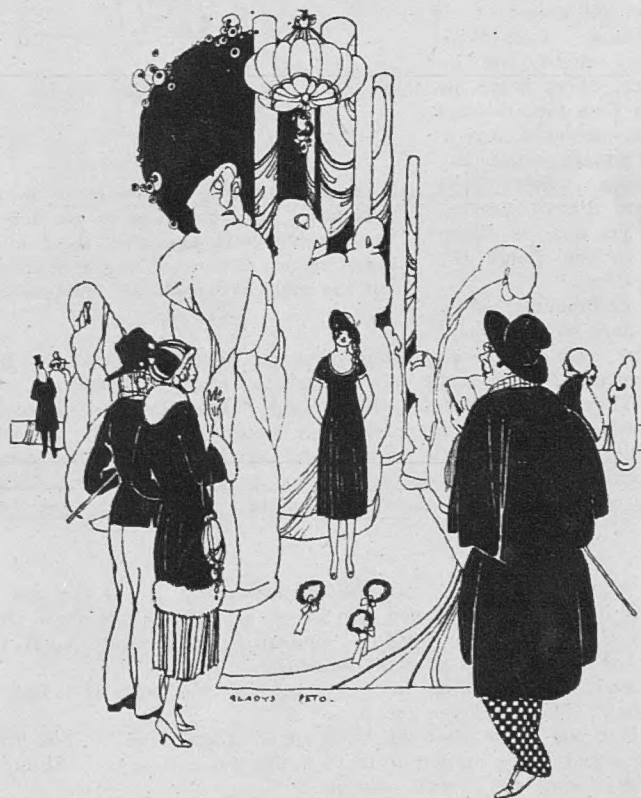
"Odd, isn't it, while Dukes are always disqualifying themselves for these privileges, other people should be so keen about setting them up?"

"About Dukes, it is as I knew it would be with the Duke of Westminster. His new Duchess is just the mate for him. She enjoys the rush. The other day they were in Monte Carlo. Then they turned up for a few hours, so to say, at Eaton. Since then they have got back to the South of France. He's a movie merchant if you like, and she matches. I felt she would do ever since I saw her dance with him before the marriage."

"So Mr. Selfridge has owned up about Lansdowne House. His denials made me feel so uncomfortable," says Mariegold.

"You remember I gave you the first news about his intended deal with Lord Lansdowne. You printed it before anybody else; then all the papers came out saying that there was no truth in it. That Mr. Selfridge had no inclinations that way."

"It's a fashion, isn't it, this spreading about of contrary rumours before an interesting transaction? It was many months ago that Lord Lansdowne himself told a friend of mine that he knew his London home would ultimately change hands, but that on his part all he wished was to be allowed to die in peace there. Perhaps that



4. Angela then holds an exhibition at the Worcester Galleries. Her works are acclaimed by the critics and the discerning public. The two masterpieces in the centre of the picture—"The Spirit of Spring" and "Maternal Love"—are achieving world-wide fame.

is the sort of saying that helps a deal! Then Mr. Selfridge denied that he wanted either to live or die there.

"But I suppose it's all for his 'dear little girl,' as he calls his daughter, and her aristocratic young man. The aristocratic young man has a footing in Oxford Street. Lansdowne House will be quite convenient for them all."

The Million and a Half Film: Joseph in Egypt.



A FINE SPECTACLE: JOSEPH'S MARRIAGE.



PREPARING FOR THE 7 LEAN YEARS: STORING GRAIN.

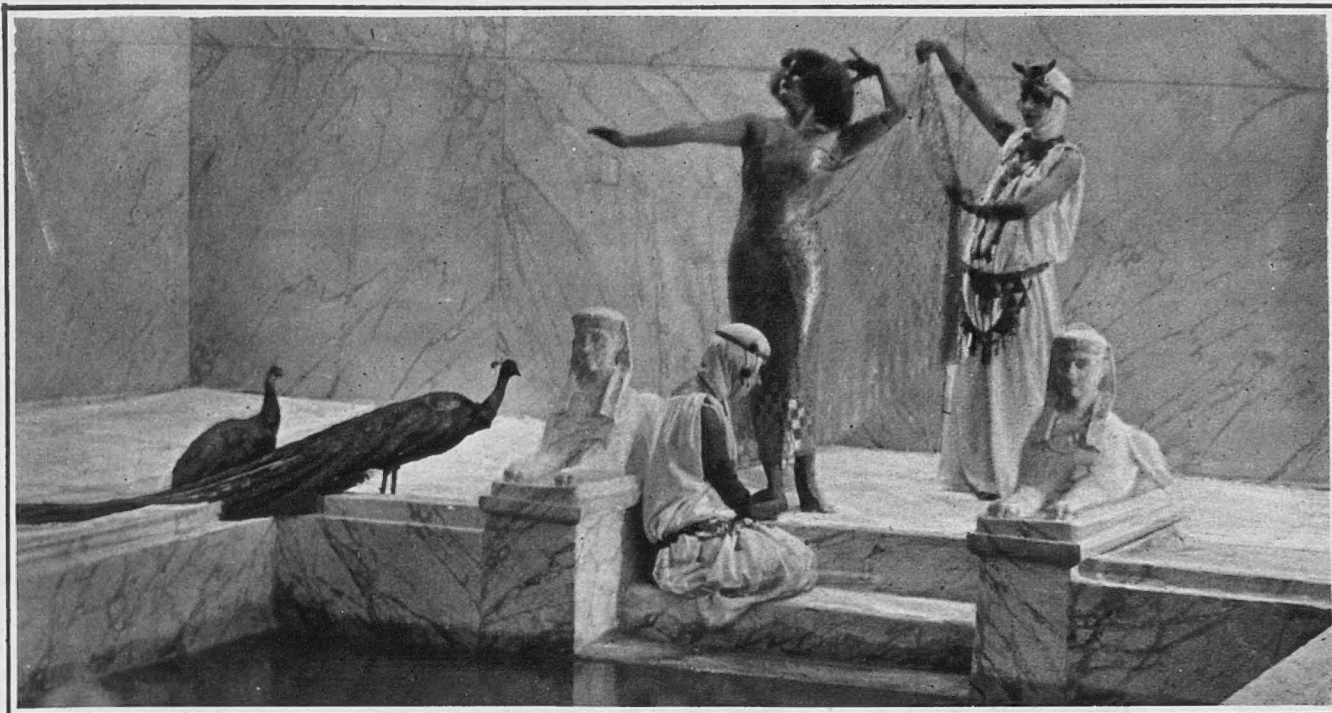
The well-known story of Joseph provides one of the finest episodes in "The Old Testament" film, which cost a million and a half sterling to produce. Our page shows the pageant of Joseph's



THE RULER OF EGYPT: PHARAOH ON HIS THRONE.

marriage, and also the storing of the grain, which is one of the most impressive parts of the film. Pharaoh in all his glory is also a great triumph for the "movie" producer responsible for creating him.

"Terrible as an Army": Solomon's Shulamite Filmed.



MENTIONED IN THE SONG OF SOLOMON: THE SHULAMITE. AT THE BATHS.



THE DANCE BEFORE HER DEATH: THE LOVELY SHULAMITE.

One of the most beautiful episodes in "The Old Testament" film is the story of the Shulamite, who is mentioned in the Song of Solomon. She provides a fine spectacular scene in

her dance, and really lives up to her description, which runs: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

"He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers."

—GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

FROM the outset I was in a good humour. A very aged butler contributed to it. Motoring through Kent, I called at a certain park, and was told in all seriousness that the young squire (aged about twenty) had departed to the Riviera, "with a lady." A tactless servant, but for the fact that I knew the lady must be the boy's sister, Lady Guilford, or possibly his aunt, Lady Harris. But the gulls wondered why I chuckled to myself most of the way from Calais to Dover, seated in the stern of a crowded boat, where I disobeyed orders and slipped underneath the rope that is supposed to prevent passengers from standing on the best part of the deck.

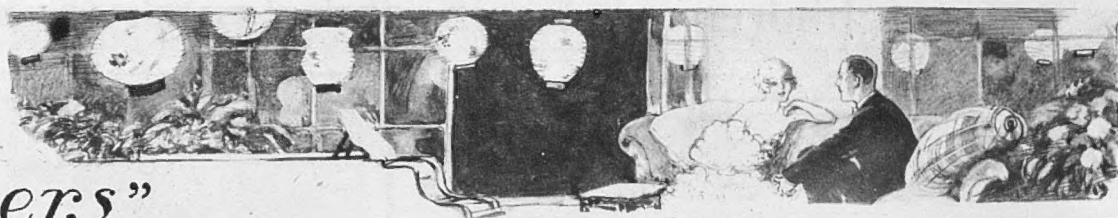
A polite French sailor added to my merriment, first by refusing to allow me to remain there, and then by insisting on providing me with a chair and a macintosh, though my coil of rope was infinitely more comfortable, and the sky was serenely blue, and the sea like a mill-pond. When he increased his

attentions by pressing an offer of "Cognac, Madame," I concluded the affair was going too far, especially as my own young man was pacing the deck dangerously within earshot, so I firmly declined further hospitality, only to have my stolid British senses rudely awak-

ened by a certain subtle insistence in his manner, and a sudden, unmistakable note that reminded me somehow of the London taxi-drivers. So I had to give him the cognac, and from the subsequent rapidity of his *patois*, I believe it was enough for champagne. Anyhow, we had champagne for lunch on the *train-de-luxe*, and we needed it, having waited for hours while the more lucky gorged themselves—the

thoughtful ones who had booked the first lunch.

I heard an American girl inform her "Momma" that Charlie Chaplin was on the train. She had heard someone say so. Momma said: "I do hope it's true! That would *unscrew* me altogether!" And while I pondered on all the possible ways of defining the verb "to unscrew," and especially on the analysis of its exact meaning, I heard a voice call "Harry," and there in the flesh I beheld Lord Chaplin, happy and benign after his long luncheon (and he it was who had kept us waiting!), and realised that the full depth of meaning of the new word from Chicago was not destined to be revealed to me that day; though heaven knows what language might have happened if the little lady had suspected that a real live British Lord had passed her the salt. There are thrills that beggar even the vocabulary of a democrat from "God's own country."



During a hurried hour or so at the Ritz in Paris, we heard all about Lady Cunard, who is still there, very worried over her poor daughter, Mrs. Fairbairn, who is in a nursing home, recovering slowly after a very severe operation. And Lady Curzon of Kedleston is there, in deep black for her young brother; she and Lord Curzon have just spent a quiet week at Cannes looking for a villa. They both love the Riviera, but the stress and noise of hotel life is hardly a rest for the hard-worked Foreign Secretary and his beautiful wife, who entertain so ably and so often in London, or at one or other of their country places.

Of course, there was an accident on the line—has anyone ever travelled on a *train-de-luxe* without one?—and we reached Cannes six hours late; just in time, however, to watch one set of lawn-tennis at the Cannes Club, where Mrs. Lambert Chambers and her partner, Major Rendel, were practising against Major Ambrose Dudley and Mrs. Beamish for the International Tournament that begins to-morrow at the Carlton. Major Kingscote is playing with Mlle. Lenglen this year, much to the disappointment and dismay of the English players, who had aspired to seeing him beat the French girl with a lady partner from his own country. As it is, the tournament begins to cease to be international.

Walking along the Croisette as the sun falls behind the Esterelles into the sea, all the worries of the world seem to set—all the gold and crimson melt

your mood till sheer joy flies on ahead of you, heralding more and more beauty. There is a young moon, too—a timid, pale thing still, guarded serenely by one great star that seems almost as near as the Cape lighthouse; and gradually, while you dress for dinner, the space between your hotel and the Casino becomes more and more a scene from the pantomime. It is all too good to be true. That great violet sea breathing so evenly cannot be real. The lights are electric, but no fairy light ever shone more wondrously on palm-trees and midsummer flowers in February. The very motor-cars seem silent and unreal, as though if you touched them they would evaporise (advisedly not evaporate—a mere dictionary word not half conveying my meaning); if you clapped your hands fairies would appear perched on all the little green benches, or dancing on the tips of the tallest palms, where the moon has enmeshed the purest silver of her wand.

The Casino itself is more than ever a great hurly-burly *mondaine* place, a crowded palace of smoke whence the brilliant head-dresses of the *demi-monde* emerge like tropical birds: green paradise tails, peacock-blue ostrich-feathers, upright albatross wings of flaming red, and gigantic black Egyptian-looking creations too grotesque to fail to achieve their one aim and object.

[Continued overleaf.]



DRIVING OFF: THE
HON. MRS. BROWNLOW
ON THE CANNES
COURSE.

The Hon. Mrs. Brownlow has been golfing at Cannes. She is the sister-in-law of Lord Lurgan.

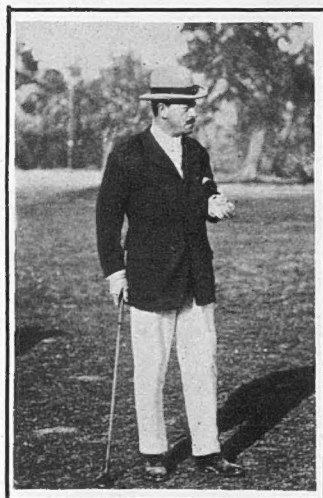
Photograph by Navello.



ON THE CANNES GOLF
COURSE: LADY SMILEY.

Lady Smiley is the wife of Sir John Smiley, and the youngest daughter of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, fourth Baronet. She is a keen golfer.

Photograph by Navello.



GOLFING AT CANNES: SIR
JOHN SMILEY.

Sir John Smiley and his wife have been staying with Sir Stephenson and Lady Kent on the Riviera. They are both keen golfers.

Photograph by Navello.



WITH MR. C. FLETCHER:
LORD GOUGH (LEFT) ON
THE RIVIERA.

Our photograph shows Viscount Gough, M.C., Irish Guards, walking on the Terrace at Monte Carlo with Mr. C. Fletcher.

Photograph by Navello.

Children of Lenin and Trotsky's Sculptor.



CLARE SHERIDAN'S MARGARET AND RICHARD: GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF SHERIDAN.

Mrs. Wilfred Sheridan—better known, perhaps, as Clare Sheridan—is the sculptress who went to Russia on the invitation of the Bolshevik leaders to make busts of Lenin, Trotsky, and other prominent revolutionaries. The widow of Captain Wilfred Sheridan, and daughter of Mr. Moreton Frewen, she is a niece of Lady Randolph Churchill,

as her mother was one of the beautiful Miss Jeromes of New York. Mrs. Sheridan has a boy and a girl, who are shown on our page. They are the great-great-grandchildren of Sheridan, the famous playwright, and author of "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals."—[Portrait-Studies by Marcus Adams.]

"SUNBEAMS OUT OF CUCUMBERS"—Continued.

Some of the dresses which go with these enormous head-dresses raise strange queries. Short in the skirt, and wondrously low in the neck and back, they do not boast shoulder-straps, and have no visible means of support—yet they stay "put"—how can it be done? A very correct Scotchwoman was heard expressing her opinion of the matter recently, and avowing that they must be stuck with glue or spirit gum to the skins of the wearers. The Gala nights, which take place once a fortnight at the Casino, bring its gaiety to an even more fevered pitch than is reached on ordinary evenings. Society may be astonishingly complicated just now, but simple childish fooling seems to appeal to most of the sophisticated people who make up the social sum, and we all simply revel in the favours which are distributed on Gala nights. The recent "gold topper" evening was a huge success. Each man received a gilt tophat, and some actually put them on, though they really suited the feminine half of the assembly better. Another evening the women all got headgear in the shape of bacchante wreaths of grapes, and yet another occasion saw them with imitation Spanish combs as an offering. Toys of all kinds are doled out too, as well as "squeakers," and other baby noise-producing oddments. Lady Wavertree got a toy lamb the other evening, which she gaily conscripted for a mascot, and took with her to the Rooms. She played her comedy with it well, too—smacked it when she lost, and petted it when the eights and nines came her way. There was a sham bull fight too, on one giddy evening—done most amusingly with a tiny toy bull and great big Matadors and Toreadors in costume.



A GRANDSON OF THE LATE LORD ROTHSCHILD: NATHANIEL MAYER VICTOR ROTHSCHILD.

Our photograph shows Nathaniel Mayer Victor Rothschild, only son of the Hon. Nathaniel Rothschild, brother of the present Lord Rothschild. He was born in 1910.

Photograph by Speight.

All the usual English *habitués* are here. The Duke of Marlborough we found with Lady de Trafford and her daughter, Mrs. Keppel, who is lovelier than ever, in spite of her serious illness. And Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, and Lady Sarah Wilson and her boy, and, as I have noted, Lord and Lady Wavertree, who are at the Villa Edelweiss again, where Mrs. Caryl Baring and Mrs. Lambert Chambers are their guests this week.

Amongst others dining were Sheila Duchess of Westminster and Lady Lyall, and in the Rooms we found Lady Chichester, just arrived from Switzerland, and Lady Greville, who is up at the Californie

trying to lose a troublesome cough; and "Boy"—Brougham, and Sir John and Lady Smiley, and such a number of English people that it was hard to realise one was not in a topsyturvy London where someone was giving a Bohemian party and mixing up all the impudence of their questionable acquaintances with the dignity of Burke and Debrett.

Yesterday, lunching at the Carlton there were masses of unknown people—war-profiteers we concluded, from the length of their expensive meal and the loudness of some of the laughter.

But we also saw Lady Mary Foley and Lady Headfort, both new arrivals, and the Ranee of Pudukota—as usual, the most beautifully dressed woman on the Riviera. She is an Australian, and married the Rajah several years ago, and has very wonderful pearls, but they are grains of rice compared with the wonderful rope worn by the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, whose simple black gowns are the most perfect possible setting for them.

At the Cercle Nautique were the Grand Duke Cyril and the

Grand Duke Michael, his cousin, playing bridge with Mrs. Ambrose Dudley and Mrs. James, the Speaker's sister, who is out at the Hotel du Parc this year, where are also Lady Norreys and her daughter.

At other tables were Lady Rock-savage, Countess Torby, the Comtesse de Bourg, Lord Castlemaine, and Mrs. Willie Raphael; and that anyone could play bridge with dancing going on in the next room, doors opening and shutting with a bang, and—most incomprehensible of all—the Midi sun shining its very goldenest over the loveliest land this wintry world can boast . . . that anyone could waste one single beaker of this brimming South must make Shelley and Keats

A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE LORD ROTHSCHILD: MISS MIRIAM ROTHSCHILD. Miss Miriam Louisa Rothschild, who was born in 1908, is the eldest daughter of the Hon. Nathaniel Charles Rothschild, and a grand-daughter of the first Baron Rothschild.—[Photograph by Speight.]



and Rupert Brooke turn in their graves. But the treachery of the sudden cold last month nearly sent Lord Charles Hope to his. He has had a dangerous attack of influenza, from which he has recovered enough, however, to play mild tennis, and, like the true sportsman he is, he is playing in the International Tournament this week. His great game, golf, he seems to have deserted for a while. I, personally, don't feel surprised, for golf, that game from the bleak North, never seems to "fit in" to a sunny atmosphere. In the brilliance and bright-lit South of France tennis is the obviously suitable game.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



TO MARRY MAJOR H. GRAEME ANDERSON, M.B.E., M.D.: MISS GLADYS HOOD.

The marriage of Miss Gladys Hood, elder daughter of Mr. Charles Hood, of Hatch End, Middlesex, and Major Henry Graeme Anderson, M.B.E., M.D., etc., Surgical Consultant to the Royal Air Force, of 75, Harley Street, W., is fixed to take place on March 18, at St. Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont Street.

Photograph by Bassano.



THE AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN": COUNTESS RUSSELL.

Countess Russell is the wife of the second Earl Russell, whom she married in 1916. She is well known as an author, and her successes include "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "Elizabeth in Rügen," "The Caravanners," and "Christopher and Columbus." She is the daughter of Mr. H. Herron Beauchamp, and before her marriage to Earl Russell was Countess von Arnim, the widow of Count von Arnim.

Camera-Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

Tailed and Veiled: Successful Spring Fancies.



WITH A WATERFALL FEATHER IN BEIGE AND WHITE :
A PICTURESQUE TRELAWNY HAT.



CARRIED OUT IN ROSE-COLOURED TUSSORE :
A BEAD-TRIMMED MODEL.



THE POPULARITY OF SHINING HEADGEAR : A VARNISHED
STRAW WITH CIRÉ WINGS.

The hat with the tail, or waterfall, hanging at the side made a tentative appearance during the winter, but it is to rule the day in the spring. Fashion is favouring its charm very decidedly, as these advance models from Maison Lewis, in which Miss Riley has been photographed, go to prove. The simplicity and beauty of



VEILED IN HEAVY SPANISH LACE : A ROSE-TRIMMED
CREATION.

line which the Trelawny model achieves is certain to arouse much admiration; the rose-coloured tussore depends on its graceful line for success—and achieves it; the varnished black straw is the acme of "chic"; and as for the novel fascination of black Spanish lace as a hat-trimming, it is a most daringly successful venture.



Without Prejudice

THERE is always something a trifle pathetic about the attitude of the London Press towards O.U.D.S. The ambassadors of Thespis, whom omnipotent editors project towards Oxford by an afternoon train, seem to employ the interval between the arrival of their cab (dramatic critics simply live in cabs) and their departure for Paddington (dramatic critics are frightfully good at exits—*technique*, you know) in turning up quotations about "the last enchantment of the Middle Age" and "our young barbarians all at play." That done, they go out into the hall (exit *R.*), carefully shutting the study door after them, and leave London for the Thames Valley, where they write the article which they had decided on the way down to write about the Young Barbarians and the Dreaming Spires, without much regard to what the young barbarians really did at the New Theatre.

The other sort of critic is a shade more exhilarating—and proportionately more exhausting. He is himself an old O.U.D.S. man, or the friend of a friend of someone who once met an O.U.D.S. man. And his principal anxiety is to convey to an expectant public the stimulating information that he (or the friend of his friend's friend) once played Second Noise Off to Arthur Bouchier's Brutus in the year that Syphon ran fifth for the Oaks. There is about it all a terrific air of reminiscence about Canon Adderley and Harry Irving. But here again there is strikingly little news about the event which has filled the Oxford theatre for a week and completely destroyed the term's work of about fifty young men.

Let us, however, in breach of both these engaging conventions, appraise this year's achievement of O.U.D.S. And the fact that the intelligent Mr. Bridges-Adams (here decorated in the programme with the cryptic suffix *Worc.*—we prefer to say of him *Better*) has been lured from Stratford to George Street makes the entire production an Oxford affair. No gifted London finger in *this* pie—if we except the attractive handful of Miss Cathleen Nesbitt. Mr. Adams has once more put into practice his Napoleonic doctrine of the rapid offensive which made "King Henry V." so palatable when he brought it to London. The action simply scampers across the little scenes with which he suggests Rome, Actium, Alexandria, and one gets the real swing of the chronicle-play without any of those detestable pauses in which London theatre orchestras are so apt to play Chopin whilst stage hands are wheeling real marble pillars into position behind the genuine wet water in the Roman Bath scene.

In front of this effective little background Antony and Cleopatra play their parts, and there really (this is the fault of Shakespeare and

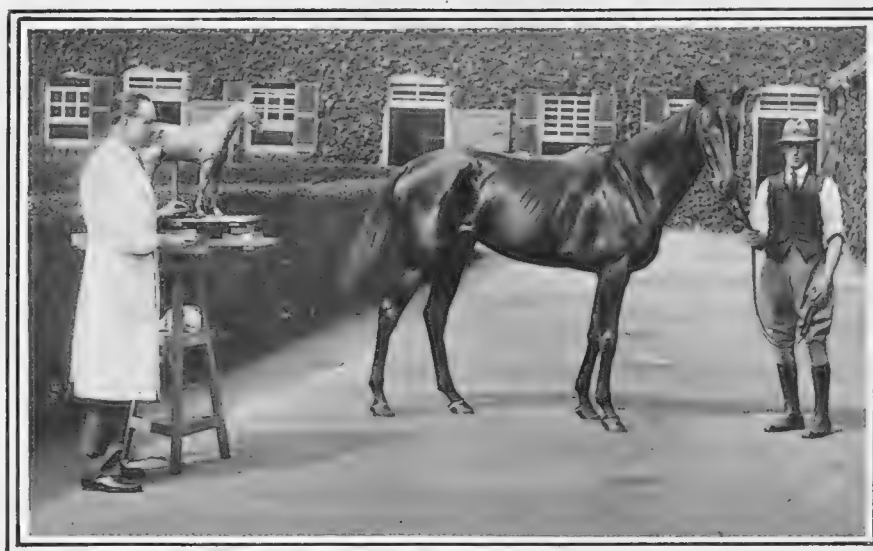
of the O.U.D.S. committee for choosing the play—not of Mr. Adams) are hardly any others. From the point of view of the gross world outside the jurisdiction of the Vice-Chancellor and the Mayor, the most interesting feature of the performance was the fact that it set Miss Cathleen Nesbitt at the five-barred gate of Cleopatra. And,

with all courtesy, one can hardly say that she cleared it. Here is one of the most intelligent of our younger actresses. But a long spell of work in America seems to have untaught her to act as she knew so well how to in the pre-war days of "Quality Street," and to have left her devulloping, in the native idiom, her own personallerty. That is the slope down which half our actors have slid to the destruction of "Dear Old Charlie" and "Lord Richard in the Pantry." But there seems no reason why Miss Nesbitt should follow them.

The result is that we are left to think how like Miss Nesbitt Cleopatra was. And that is exactly the opposite of the effect which real acting should produce. Mr. Ramage was not exactly like Antony, but he was extraordinarily like a good actor playing Antony. And that is enough, isn't it? He was large to look at and distinct to listen to; the only fault (and this was a trifle unexpected in Oxford) was that he seemed to have thought insufficiently over the meaning of his lines. With a quieter method and rather more thought, Mr. Bush and Mr. Blanch managed to make bricks in spite of the absence of straw available in the parts of Enobarbus and Octavius. And Mr. Raeburn made young Pompey an extraordinarily real figure.

Of the other members of the company, Mr. Hamblen made first-rate (though slightly post-Elizabethan) fun with the Clown in the last scene of all. He played him really as *scuola di Stilbottle*: there was an air of Mr. Bouchier about his heavy humour which must have tempted our friend the old O.U.D.S. man to dangerous morasses of superfluous reminiscence.

But what one remembers of the whole of a very charming performance is not the stage-craft or the charming lady who came all the way from London to play the leading part, or even Professor Oman's contributions to Alexandrian archæology. But simply the clear voices of the young men. Sometimes they came from aged Roman statesmen, sometimes (and a little surprisingly) from black Nubian slaves. But always they told as the voice of Oxford. Especially in the bump supper on Pompey's galley. Oxford, who dreams among her . . . spires . . . Middle Age . . . young barbarians. I mean, Oxford, where . . . Arthur Bouchier . . . that year . . . all who knew him unforgettable evening. You see, we all do it.



SCULPTING A FAMOUS HORSE: MR. HERBERT HASELTINE AT WORK ON HIS STATUE OF COMRADE, THE 1920 GRAND PRIX WINNER.

Mr. Herbert Haseltine, the well-known American sculptor, has been sculpting Comrade at the Clarendon Stables, Newmarket.—[Photograph by Rouch.]



OFF TO TAKE UP HIS APPOINTMENT IN WASHINGTON: MR. SZE; WITH HIS WIFE AND BABY.

Mr. Sze, the newly appointed Chinese Minister at Washington, has left for America.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

The "Mother-To-Be" as Mother.



TYLTYL'S BRIDE, WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER: MISS GLADYS COOPER (MRS. H. J. BUCKMASTER).

Miss Gladys Cooper, who is appearing as Joy, Tytyl's future wife and the ideal Mother-to-Be, in the Maeterlinck play, "The Betrothal," at the Gaiety, is in private life Mrs. H. J. Buck-

master. She has an enchanting son and daughter, Rodney and Joan, who are shown with her in the charming portrait-studies which are reproduced on our page.—[Portrait-Studies by Marcus Adams.]



EVERY week—or thereabouts—a new art is born unto us. When I look back on the past year, and think in how many fresh directions the artistic impulse has been turned—in the making of queer cushions, in the choice of women's backs and bare legs for canvas, in the amazing development of the art of applying leather and straw and string and bits of wood to dress, in the invention of dances, in the discovery by Marinetti of Tactilism, in the evolution of Dadaism—I wonder whether there will not soon be as many arts as artists.

Several artists have been experimenting with the doll. Quaint types of doll, hitherto unknown, have seen the light of day—or rather, the brilliant electric light of cafés and restaurants and places where one dances. Much ingenuity has been expended upon their designing. But the art of doll-making was susceptible of unexpected turns. The latest idea is the portrait-doll.

Mme. Marie Vassilieff has specialised in the portrait-doll. All sorts of people have sat to her, and have had their features reproduced in doll form. Among her sitters, so we are told, are M. Paul Poiret, M. Pablo Picasso, Mr. Jo Davidson, and M. André Salmon. Other subjects are Mme. Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy) and M. Henri Matisse. It will be seen that a large proportion of her models are themselves artists. But I have no doubt that the fashionable world of Paris will soon find it perfectly delightful to have itself reproduced in sawdust and leather.

Those are the materials. A piece of kid and a little stuffing, and lo! you can have your portrait in an entirely new medium. I wonder that painters and sculptors have thus encouraged a dangerous rival. People will soon go neither to painter nor sculptor—they will go to the doll-maker. Can you not imagine the enthusiastic scenes when Sir Julius Pompous, M.P. is presented by his admiring constituents, not with a painted picture of his eloquent features, but with a striking image of himself reduced to the dimensions of a doll? In what well-chosen language will the Vicar of Tittleton assure the subscribers to a doll-portrait of himself that their gift will always occupy an honoured place and be handed down to his posterity? Every hostess will point proudly to her counterfeit presentment, not in oils or in marble, but in suède and shavings.

It seems to me that portrait-making is revolutionised. The National Portrait Gallery is out of date. Sargent and Augustus John and Van Dongen are out-moded. A National Doll Gallery should be opened in which all our great men and women might be ranged in rows in divers attitudes. I am told that mere realism is not sought. The portrait-doll is to suggest character. As one

French writer puts it, the aim is not to show what you look like, but rather what you are. Exaggeration is permitted. The doll-artist is, in some sense, a caricaturist working in a new medium, though I suppose this description would be indignantly repudiated. Shall we say that although this is a new art, it is the old business of depicting the soul rather than the features? "Souls in sawdust" strikes me as distinctly good. All this, however, probably does not apply in any way to the pioneer in this art—I am thinking, rather, of how the art can be developed.



IN HIS ROBES AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

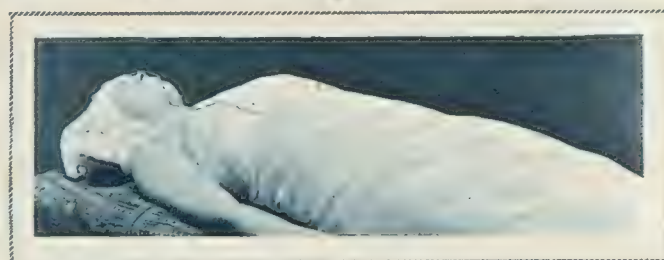
Under his robes, the Prince wore his uniform (pre-war style) as Colonel of the Welsh Guards.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

I referred in advance to the revival of the famous Bals de l'Opéra. The first of them has now taken place, and I am told that some perfectly incredible prices, running into tens of thousands of francs, were paid for boxes. Tout Paris, from the President and the Premier and the Marshals to the young cadets at the military school at Saint-Cyr, was there. It was, indeed, largely a military pageant. Sometimes the Parisienne is twitted—though never by me—on her love of elaborate and gorgeous dress, constantly changing, varying to infinity. But men, too, when they can let their instinct for fine feathers have free play, attach the greatest importance to brilliant costume. In civil life, man is condemned to drabness. But in military life, he lets himself go. You should have seen the soldiers of Louis XIV. and the heroes of the eighteenth century, and the gaily attired Napoleonic Generals. The Turennes and the Condés, the De Saxes and the Lafayettes, the Klébers and the Kellermans, took a pride in their uniform. Still, in later years we have been content with horizon-blue and khaki, though the youths of Saint-Cyr love their cocks' plumes. Even now, the panache has not disappeared, and it is probably a good thing that the panache will never disappear. But, with our love for picturesque costumes, we cannot afford to say anything about women's fashions.

But the Bal Tricolore was not a fancy-dress ball, nor were masks worn. Thus were the traditions of the Opéra Balls broken. It sufficed to sport a tricolour cockade or garland. The Maison des Journalists, which promoted the affair, has done something to bring back colour to the capital. One thing was to be noticed about the women—the great vogue of the most massive golden bracelets. They have perhaps been brought out of the family coffrets from which so many old-fashioned articles have lately been rescued. The tiny tortoise-shell fans of other days again palpitate; the pearly bags of our grandmothers are carried by modern hands; the huge cameo fastens the corsage; Cashmere shawls have come back; and all the old lace is again displayed. And now the heavy golden bracelet—relic of a time when women were not emancipated—is conspicuous on every white arm. But do not dare to say that it is a symbol of slavery!

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

After the Ordeal by Plaster: The Achievement.



DIRECT FROM LIFE: DE ZOETE'S WAX BUST OF Mlle. FÉLYNE VERBIST.

Our page shows the beautiful wax bust of Mlle. Félyne Verbist, the Belgian première danseuse, of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, Brussels, by Pierre de Zoete, and also illustrates the manner of its creation. It was made from a cast taken from the living model, and has been purchased by the Belgian Ministry of Fine Arts. "Sketch" readers will remember that in our issue of Oct. 27, 1920, we published

a series of photographs illustrating the Ordeal by Plaster which Mlle. Verbist endured, in order that the cast might be obtained. Our page recalls this, by the two small photographs of the process. The upper of the photographs shows Mlle. Verbist with the wire fixed across her face. This will be used to cut the plaster in half and raise it. The lower photograph shows Mlle. Verbist with her face covered up with plaster.

Photographs by Alfieri.

Made a New Live Thing: Prospero's Enchanted Island.



IN PROSPERO'S CELL: MIRANDA (MISS JOYCE CAREY) AND FERDINAND (MR. FRANCIS LISTER).



THE POWER OF MAGIC: PROSPERO (MR. HENRY AINLEY) AND CALIBAN (MR. LOUIS CALVERT).



ON BOARD THE SHIP: ALONSO (MR. HOWARD ROSE) AND FERDINAND (MR. FRANCIS LISTER) IN CENTRE.

When one reads "The Tempest" it never appears to be a play to be acted, but Miss Viola Tree's production at the Aldwych proves the contrary. "The Tempest" as she presents it—with Hugo Rumbold's quaint Quattrocento costumes and original scenery; with Mr. Henry Ainley to make Prospero as much of a magician and as little of the heavy nobleman as possible; Miss Joyce Carey as a truly enchanted

and enchanting Miranda; Mr. Francis Lister as a thoroughly fervent Ferdinand; and Mr. Louis Calvert to emphasise the jolly side of Caliban rather than his horrid attributes—makes Prospero's enchanted island a new live thing. The pageant, in which Miss Viola Tree appears as a very beautiful Juno, and the delightful "strange shapes" from the Margaret Morris School capture the very spirit of magic.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

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IN THE VINEYARD.

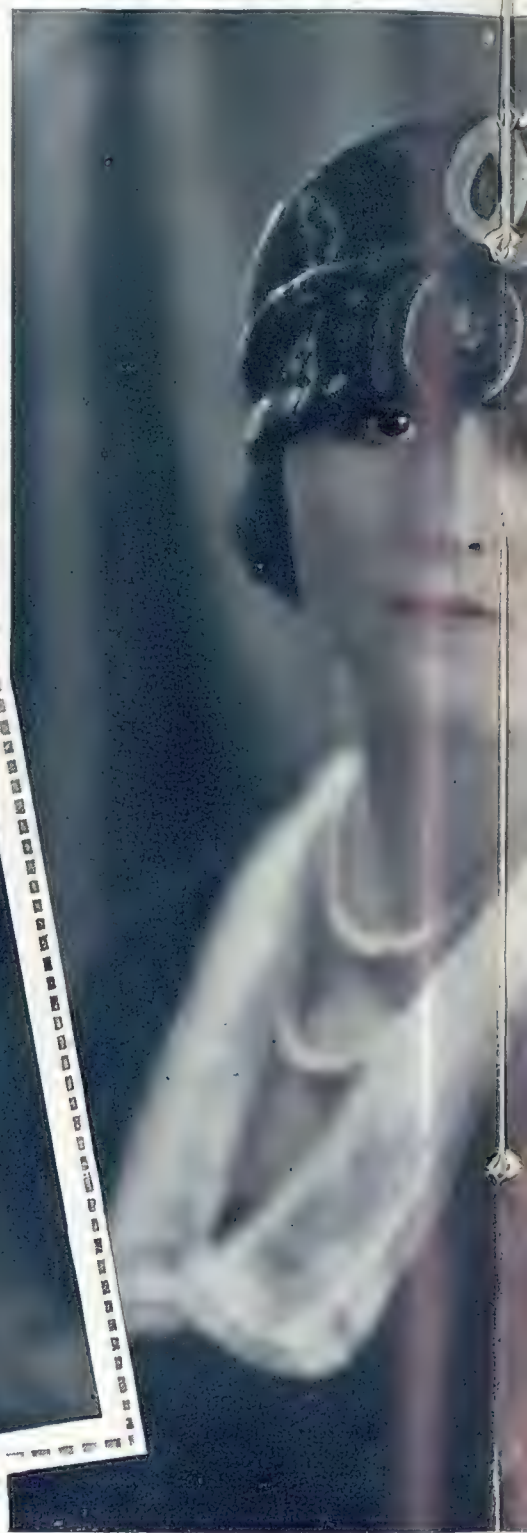
FROM THE ETCHING BY M. HARDY.

(Proofs in the Possession of the Galerie Lutétia, 51, Boulevard Raspail Paris.)

A CHARMING TRIO: YOUNG M



THE WIFE OF AN M.F.H.: MRS. DOUGLAS BLEW-JONES.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF MR. J. C. AND
MRS. J. R. CAMPBELL

Mrs. Douglas Blew-Jones is the wife of Mr. Douglas Blew-Jones, 2nd Life Guards, Joint Master of the Stevenstone, and is a daughter of Colonel Charles Birken and sister of Mrs. Dudley Ward.—Mrs. J. R. Campbell Heathcote is the wife of Colonel J. R. Campbell Heathcote, late Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, only son of Mr. J. C. and Lady Eva Heathcote, and nephew of the Marquess of Breadalbane. She was married last

ING MARRIED WOMEN OF SOCIETY.



MR. J. C. AND LADY EVA HEATHCOTE :
R. CAMPBELL HEATHCOTE.



FORMERLY MISS GLADYS HUME-GORE : MRS. H. D. DUDLEY.



Colonel Own last year, and is the daughter of the late Mr. Oscar Brandt.—Mrs. H. D. Dudley is the daughter of the late Captain G. R. V. Hume-Gore, Seaforth Highlanders, of Derryluskin, Tipperary, and a granddaughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Gustavus Hume, of His Majesty's Bodyguard. These are their latest portraits.—[Portrait-Studies by Bertram Park.]

**THE PROPOSAL.**

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. VALLÉE.



FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



MR. MICHAEL SADLEIR set out, in "Privilege," to write a novel of aristocracy. Being, however, a genuine and brilliant teller of stories, he soon found himself fully occupied with humanity. The tragedy of dry-rot among the lords of Whern slid gently into second place as he became absorbed in the thoroughly dramatic and exciting doings of the Bradens, and particularly in the doings of Dick Braden in his love affair with the exquisite wife of his brother Michael.

Not that Mr. Sadleir has altogether neglected aristocracy. He has drawn some masterly pictures of the vivid and splendid sterility of that class in its pre-war decline. He has re-created an authentic atmosphere of the House of Whern, and the home of the Bradens. He makes one feel the dry, brittle brilliancy of his people. But it is the fine, full-bodied swing of his story that dominates.

Mr. Sadleir is an uncommonly accomplished and satisfying writer. His characters are creations. Harold Lord Whern the gross; Michael the austere pitiless; Monica the flash and blatant; Anthony, who wore black pyjamas with a scarlet belt; Barbara the ripe and womanly, and Dick himself, the family peace-maker, all live. And they move to their destinies in scenes dramatic and yet unstrained.

Like all great story-tellers, Mr. Sadleir is not afraid of the dramatic. When Harold becomes Lord Whern, turns Whern Abbey into a den of pyjama dances and light living, and cuts off the allowance of his protesting brothers, he is removed by a gun-shot from the relative of a wronged servant girl. The act thrills, also it convinces. When Michael, the incurably feudal discovers the love of Barbara for Dick, he meets the situation with bold and direct suggestions that are audacious and yet natural. When Monica disgraces her family with her war frivolities, and her spying for the sake of her Austrian husband, Michael coldly, and again quite naturally, blows out his brains. And, finally, when Dick, in his determination to marry his deceased brother's wife, surrenders both his title and his nationality, he does so in a way convincingly inevitable.

Mrs. Sylvia Lynd is another who captivates by sheer ability to tell a good story. Her method is the swift, light grace of her own "Swallow Dive." In setting down the most vivid portions of the life-story of Caroline, who doesn't like plain sewing because: "I have a hobby. I am my own hobby," she carries one dancing through bursts of deliciously frivolous talk, through patches of "family" life wittily and acidly etched, and through glowing and brilliant scenes of Bohemian and theatrical ways.

Caroline is a beauty with a temperament sweetened by a sense of humour. Daughter of a love match, with an utterly irresponsible mother, she is brought up in the bosom of one of those ripe, rich families that always remind one of mahogany furniture. In that family she is a sort of human island, entirely surrounded by an embittered aunt. When a crash comes, she takes her "swallow

dive," and skims into the artificial sunlight of the footlights—and into the artificial love-making of Vesey.

In one of the most brilliant impressions of stage life behind the scenes I have read, Caroline tastes in one skimming swoop all the glamour and the pettiness of the theatre. She knows the excitements, the fuss, the bullyings, and the colour of a great production. She feels the spite of her companions, and knows triumphs. She experiences the comradeship of the dressing-rooms, which is both staunch and utterly insincere. Vesey cools off under her frigidity, and Marion, her good friend, sees in this a chance of ridding herself of her insane husband, "who smiled like a stupid wolf." At the moment of Caroline's unenthusiastic elopement, Belaisa, the witty and the graceful, steps in to round off a most dramatic curtain with his bright charm.

The wit of Mr. Norman Davey's "The Pilgrim of a Smile" is rare and sardonic. His is a truly remarkable book, and when read it will be put on the shelf beside "In His Own Image," "The House of Souls," "The Twilight of the Gods," and others of a like queer, iridescent brilliance.

It is concerned with the Odyssey of a mild man of "conspicuous inconspicuousity," who searches Europe to learn why "the Sphinx smiles." In a rash and semi-alcoholic moment he and three companions go out from the Curio Club—which, as everyone knows, is on the terrace overlooking the Embankment—to crave a boon from the Sphinx reclining at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle. His boon is the knowledge of the smile, and in thirteen disconnected encounters with the wild humanness of humanity he finds the secret which finally causes him to crave an additional boon—that of death.

But, fortunately, he had his experiences first. Each is a little masterpiece, and nearly every one is delicious. He encounters the instinctive staff officer who shunned fighting but attracted decorations, a university professor who was spiritually as well as physically like "a large and disreputable moth." He tracks down the Aristotelian young man who buys up the whole of a theatre's seats for himself, and pastes ten-pound notes on a hoarding in a sceptical world. He meets an exquisite and quite wayward little lady clad in a blue kimono, a big bath-sponge, and a childish smile. He receives a shock at the telling of "The Story of the Unbeautiful Princess in the Unenchanted Castle," and his simple eyes are widely opened to the under-life of the world, which, though it is often witty, is also quite frequently wicked.

Each episode is a jewel, a short story graved to perfection; and though there are times when Mr. Davey sacrifices artistry to cleverness, there is no gainsaying the unmistakable brilliance of the whole.



THE AUTHOR OF "OUTLAWS": MRS. SYDNEY FAIRBAIRN, FORMERLY MISS NANCY CUNARD.

Mrs. Sydney Fairbairn, the daughter of Sir Bache and Lady Cunard, is well known as a poet, and used to contribute to "Wheels," the yearly production of the smart intellectual set, which contains the work of such authors as the Sitwells, Aldous Huxley, etc. She has recently published a new book of poems entitled "Outlaws."—[Portrait-Study by Bertram Park.]

Privilege. By Michael Sadleir. (Constable; 8s. 6d.)

The Swallow Dive. By Sylvia Lynd. (Cassell; 8s. 6d.)

The Pilgrim of a Smile. By Norman Davey. (Chapman and Hall; 8s. 6d.)

Court Dress and Daylight: The Opening of Parliament.



MRS. ASQUITH.



VISCOUNTESS DOWNE.



THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.



LORD AND LADY LEE.



MR. AND MRS. WELLINGTON KOO.

Peeresses and ladies of the Corps Diplomatique who attend the Opening of Parliament have to undergo the experience of appearing in Court dress and diamonds in daylight. Our photographs show some of these privileged people arriving at Westminster for the ceremony. Lord Lee of Fareham, who is seen arriving with Lady

Lee, is the newly appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. It will be remembered that he was the donor of Chequers, the Prime Ministerial country seat. Mrs. Wellington Koo, who is shown in our photograph with her husband, the new Chinese Minister, is a recent bride. Before her marriage she was Countess Hoey Stoker.

Photographs by S. and G., B.I., T.P.A., and Farringdon Photo Press

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“IN this new Napier the automobile world is again supplied with a lead which must be followed for no other reason than that it is sound in principle and effective in practice.”

The Field, 8/1/21.

Will you make an appointment to try this wonderful car? At least let us send you particulars.

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.,

14, New Burlington Street, W.1
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Two Popular Favourites.

MISS EDNA BEST AND ROWNTREE'S CHOCOLATES.



BY APPOINTMENT



Edna likes
Rowntree's
Chocolates
Best

Edna Best

Daughter-in-Law of India's New Viceroy.



THE WIFE OF LORD READING'S SON: VISCOUNTESS ERLEIGH.

Viscountess Erleigh is the wife of Viscount Erleigh, M.C., only son of the Earl of Reading, the newly appointed Viceroy of India, and is the eldest daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Mond. She was married in

1914, and has a son, the Hon. Michael Isaacs, and a daughter, the Hon. Joan Isaacs, born in 1916 and 1918 respectively. These are two of her latest portraits.—[Photographs by Yevonde.]



THE days are beginning to draw out. And, as you invariably say at the beginning of your more nervous and less successful calls, whilst you tread on your hostess's dog and knock over the more ill-timed of her occasional tables, We Shall Soon Have Christmas Upon Us.

I mean Easter. Stupid of me. (So sorry, I had no *idea* that table was so near my elbow.) But we shall, shan't we? And one Bank Holiday is very hard to tell from another, really. Shops shut and all that. The only visible distinction between Easter and Christmas is the absence of holly from one and its prevalence in the other.

Because an early Easter, like this affair that is imminent next month, is really of strikingly little use for the enterprising holiday-maker. Unless, that is, he really enjoys sitting round the only fire in the lounge of a wind-swept British hotel. A Lent that drops under us in March means a winter holiday for those of us that can spend it out of Town—to get away from the annual smell of paint in Oxford Street. And that faces us at once with the familiar alternatives.

Having driven bluely to the station on a cold March morning, we can either push overseas or See Our Own Country First. Me for abroad. But one should be judicious in one's selection of a temporary national flag. If you follow the swallows and steer due south, you may come in for the tail end of the Riviera season.

And there is something half depressing about the emptying Côte d'Azur. Easter in the reproachful shadow of a deserted Casino is not, somehow, quite ideal, is it? Far nicer, really, is the opposite corner of M. Millerand's kingdom, where the rocks stick out into the Atlantic in front of Biarritz.

And the other alternative in front of you is an English Easter. Sounds a trifle suspiciously like the English Sunday, though, doesn't it? And is so in parts, more than a little. Because the accumulated, humped-up Sundays of the Easter week-end are more, much more, than the attractions of any really Anglo-Saxon resort will help you to weather.

So you had better stop at home, after all, and snuff the house-painters' ozone on the sea-front between Piccadilly Circus and the Langham Hotel. Because there is a lot to see in London, if you

only know where to look for it. Even when there is supposed to be no Season on.

One of the biggest and most shameless shams in the whole big and shameful place that most of us live in is this myth about the Season. That mystic fixture is a thing which makes a real difference to the lives of a few hundred paragraph-hunting and paragraph-hunted persons in England. But wherever you go, into whatever suburban hat-stands you may trail your umbrella, you will find the daughter of the house (such a nice girl, too) putting up a conscientious pretence that the Season is something which vitally modifies the course of her own particular existence, beginning from the early summer of every year.

A queer superstition. Because, in actual cold, grey fact, the Season cuts no ice (seasonable metaphor for the average English June), in Hampstead and Kensington. But Heath Street and High Street are full of young persons who imagine that their own lives are profoundly modified when the dear old Duchess of Chesterminster comes up from Squeels and takes down the shutters in James Street. A strange world.

Meanwhile, we are enjoying a winter season all of our own. With lots and lots of picture shows and first nights and all that. With the advantage that the dreary social scribe, who so haunts the summer occasions, has hardly got over his hibernation sufficiently to sit up and take notes.

And yet, you know, his trivial record is going to be more valuable to the historian who is to help the cranium of posterity to bulge than bags full of those more solemn works on "Some Contemporary Tendencies," or "The Times We Live In." Because they will tell him, performing the same service that Colonel Repington did for the historian of the war, what it all looked and sounded like among the nasty, common, ordinary people who make up the vast mass of mankind apart from our Great Leaders and Gifted Statesmen.

So there is a Profound Historical Significance in the news that Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Puffington-Mee have taken 28, Pinchbeck Street for the season after all, you see. It will indicate to the excavator of the future that the Pinchbeck Street dump is the place to look for the Mee papyri. So keep it up, you others.

And one hopes that Twenty-Third Century scholarship will get busy in *The Sketch* fragments and find appropriate identifications for the Waugh-Proffingtons and Miss Unwedd Shell-Jones in the bright figures of English life in 1921 A.D. Because their originals abound, don't they just?



AT A HUNT BALL: AN INTERESTING GROUP OF DANCERS.

Our photograph, which was taken at a recent hunt ball, shows, from left to right (Back Row): Lord Gage; Miss D. Phillips; Earl Bathurst, C.M.G.; Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C. (Front Row): Sir Richard Leighton; Miss Kipling; Miss Meeking; Miss Benson; and Captain G. Benson.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



Whiter Teeth

In 10 days, if you'll ask us for this tube

All statements approved by authorities

This simple test has shown to millions the way to whiter, cleaner teeth. It is a free test—you should make it. It may bring life-long effects.

No other method known can do what Pepsodent does for teeth.

To end the film

The object is to fight the film, which dims the teeth and is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles. Dental science has worked years to do that.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and remains. The ordinary tooth paste does little to combat it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the

acid in contact with the teeth, and the acid may cause decay.

Thus tooth troubles, despite the tooth brush, have been constantly increasing.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after years of research, has found ways to combat film. High authorities have proved their efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests.

The best dental opinion approves these methods. Leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption. Now millions daily use them, largely by dental advice.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent, so all who will may quickly know how much it means to them.

The new effects

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits which cling and form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids as they form. Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Pepsodent combines the best that modern science has discovered to combat the film. And to millions it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch it act

This is to offer a ten-day tube. Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The new tooth lustre will show you its effects. The book we send will tell you what they mean. Then you can judge for yourself.



Men who smoke

Smokers' teeth often show film-stains most.

Children's teeth are particularly susceptible to film effects.

So to all this test is most important. For your own sake don't forget it. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent MARK
TRADE
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists and supplied in large tubes by all druggists.

10-DAY TUBE FREE ⁴⁸⁰

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 128, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one Tube to a family.

Sketch 23/2

Help!



THE MISTRESS: I'm coming downstairs to give you a hand this morning, Jane.

THE MAID: Oh, Mum, not this morning—I'm awful busy.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

Pears' SOAP

is mellowed to perfection

Many people fear to wash their faces with soap, preferring a variety of inefficient substitutes in deference to the general impression that all soap must be harmful to really sensitive skins. In the case of ordinary soaps they are entirely justified, for ordinary soaps are new. New soap possesses a quality of harshness that renders it quite unsuitable for use on a delicate skin and if it does not cause inflammation will undoubtedly coarsen the pores and roughen the complexion, just as work and weather roughen the hands. The purest soap when new has this disadvantage, and for that reason we recommend the use of Pears.

Pears' Transparent Soap is not new. Before it leaves the factory it is subjected to a special maturing process which smooths away all trace of the harshness to which we have referred. For many, many months it is stored—millions of tablets at a time—in well ventilated cellars that are artificially heated to a certain temperature. This is the most important part of the manufacture, and it begins where the manufacturers of ordinary soaps leave off. The familiar individual perfume develops in those great cellars; the perfume and the colour, for no dye of any kind is used; and as that rich red-amber tint appears the choice ingredients are mellowed to the pitch that makes Pears' Transparent Soap so soothing and beneficial to the skin of even a newly born child.



*Matchless
for the
Complexion*

Have you
used one of

Pears' Golden Series?

From an actual photograph of a tablet of Pears' Transparent Soap taken against the light.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Mr. Walker and the World.

Few American gentlemen and golfers have ever crossed the Atlantic to win hearts, if not championships, more thoroughly and completely than Mr. George Walker, who came here last summer, as President of the United States Golf Association, to assist with his wisdom and kindness towards the unravelling of tangled skeins in golf in which two nations

felt themselves to be much entwined. Mr. Walker has the cheery manner and the good heart that his round and smiling face suggests. He has a benevolent way, speaking in sorrow and not in anger when adversity and disappointment attend him. He tells good stories, and he has acute perception, as witness his remark at the aforesaid golf peace conference that it was not good for the game that a man should be able to "buy his shot in a shop." This, to my mind, is at least equal to any other aphorism ever coined for golf, and will become historic. Mr. Walker, again, has a perfect temperament for golf and all that pertains to it, for, being invited to play in the Amateur Championship at Muirfield, he courageously did so, conscious of his own deficiencies as he was, lit a cigar, fozzled, smoked and fozzled more, lost every hole, or at least won none, and at the finish—just past the turn—expressed himself delighted with the splendid exhibition of the game given to him by his opponent, than which he had never witnessed anything bul-

lier. I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Walker, and know that he is deeply devoted to the best interests of the game, and is a broad-minded man whom the U.S.G.A. did well to have as its chief, though by the inevitable laws he has now been displaced by another. If such praises as here sung may to cold natures seem too complete, let it be said with emphasis that they are from knowledge and have the virtue of strict sincerity. And others agree.

They Ask Too Much.

The position is made somewhat difficult since some delicate questions are pending as between ourselves and the United States, and it is desirable to achieve harmony upon all points. Again, we remembered that the idea is not new; tentatively and with reservations, it has been approved in this country in the past, so it may seem harsh to condemn it now at the first attempt at application. But British golfers feel that an international competition of this kind should be a matter of careful international arrangement, and must not be due to the spontaneous initiative of any person or country, arrogating to itself, through the mere presentation of a cup—a trifling consideration, after all—the right to control and frame conditions, and, above all, to take the enormous advantage of having first contest on its own ground. British golf would not have agreed to all the conditions of play as they are set forth, and certainly not to first play being in America—as if, forsooth, America were champions to begin with. If there had been international arrangement of such a competition, it would have been strongly pressed that if the first contest were not at St. Andrews—because, first, this is the traditional home and headquarters of the game; and, second, Britain is the understood champion country—it should be in some neutral country. As it is, there cannot be any true and official British representation for this competition in America, and it will therefore fail, just as "Olympic" golf has failed before it. And, besides, tennis systems will not do for golf.

A TALENTED AMATEUR "DOROTHY": MISS MINNA MARTINSON.

Miss Minna Martinson played the name-part in "Dorothy," which was recently produced by the Herne Bay Bohemians' Operatic and Dramatic Society. Our photograph shows her in the rôle.



It is desirable that there should be this understanding, for now we come to disagreement with Mr. Walker first and with the U.S.G.A. afterwards, or in the other order, and, anyhow, both together; and, along with many others, we have to state—being quite sure we speak for the higher and better parts of golf—that Mr. Walker, who has already won his place in golfing history, cannot gather that same peculiar distinction that has been achieved by one Davis in lawn-tennis. Who was or is Mr. Davis? That may seem a stupid question; but, though I do bits of volleys and other things now and then, and in season watch with interest the combats for the Davis Cup, I am with the ignorant majority who, having, perhaps, been informed of the circumstances of the setting up of this trophy, have yet forgotten who Mr. Davis is or was. Anyhow, he has achieved immortality in tennis, and, whatever his fine qualities may be, immortality is rather much; and one wonders—but never mind. We know very well, beyond question, that it was not mere immortality that Mr. Walker has been aiming at, and that his desires are unselfish, but yet the effect would in a measure be the same if a dream he has dreamt these winter nights came true. He has offered a cup to the U.S.G.A. to be competed for

Davis and Immortality.

THE WIFE OF A FUTURE BARONET:
MRS. HAROLD BOWDEN.



THE WIFE OF A FUTURE BARONET: MRS. HAROLD BOWDEN.

Mrs. Harold Bowden is the wife of Mr. Harold Bowden, only son of Sir Frank Bowden, first Baronet, and is the daughter of the late Mr. William Ker-Douglas, of Dalry, Argyllshire. Mr. and Mrs. Bowden's seat is Beeston Fields, Nottingham, and they have just taken for the summer the fishing of the River Awe, and the historic Pass of Brander.

Photograph by Edwin Hadley.

What are Pearls?

THE origin of the rare and beautiful real gem—its formation in the heart of the oyster shell is common knowledge—but—

SCIENTIFIC research has discovered a process which gives to the world magnificent copies of this Queen of Gems.

THE result is

Ciro Pearls

which have only to be seen and worn for their beauty to be appreciated.



WE GIVE OUR READERS AN OPPORTUNITY OF
FORMING THEIR OWN OPINION BY

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a necklet of No. 1 quality *Ciro Pearls*, 16 in. long, complete with case, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings, or any other jewel, mounted with *Ciro Pearls*. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money.

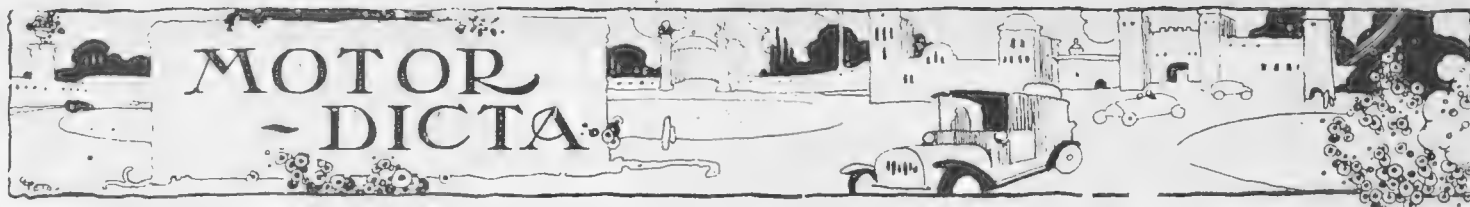
This offer also applies to our necklets of No. 2 quality—Two Guineas—and No. 3 quality—Three Guineas. The difference in quality corresponds to the difference in quality of the genuine pearl reproduced. Each is an actual reproduction of the real gem, but the more expensive *Ciro* represents the more expensive genuine necklet.

Other lengths of above necklets at proportionate rates—gold clasps 2s. 6d. extra.
Our Booklet No. 5 contains designs of all new jewels (sent post free).

CIRO PEARLS, LTD. (Dept. 5), 39, Old Bond St., W. 1 (Piccadilly End).

We have no shop.

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank.



ROADS FIT FOR AUTOS: PROSPECTS OF BROOKLANDS GRAND PRIX. By GERALD BISS.

SO, for our sins as motorists and our heavy taxation, it appears that we are to be given long, long roads without any turnings, and all as smooth and shining as the streets in another place of which I well remember a picture, all chrome yellow and crude gold, hanging in my nursery. By a stroke of the Geddesian pen and a wave of Little Eric's wand, there is to be no more sin or shame or unemployment; and, though we cannot afford to motor, we are to have roads fit for autos. There is to be no more futile talk of the beauties of our British highways and byways. Sentiment is to be cut out as radically and ruthlessly as cancer. In future there are to be only first-class, second-class, and third-class roads, which of itself suggests the railway mind behind the great highway push, and I shall not be surprised in due course to find them flanked by equi-distant signal-boxes, each providing several permanent jobs at a considerable salary for those who stayed at home during the Great War and learnt the compleat art of bureaucracy. There are splendid possibilities of fresh jobs under this new scheme, which will be welcomed with both hands by civilians fearing imminent demobment from one cushy job without another, in sight.

Grand Trunks and Roman Exchanges.

Of roads of the very best quality there are to be seventeen, yclept "trunks," which in these days of the impending telephone ramp have a nasty expensive sound about them; and, of course, they all pivot upon London and connect it up with all the other big towns—the Great North Road to Edinburgh, the Holyhead Road via St. Albans, the Oxford Road on into Wales, and the roads to Manchester, Carlisle, Bath, Exeter, Portsmouth, Dover, Norwich, Yarmouth, and Brighton, all familiar to the average motorist. Not least of these the last named, which has probably carried more motor traffic to the square yard than any other road in England, if not the world, and all the time never anything more than the crude evolution of cart-tracks more or less pieced together in the days of the Regency, but never threatened with the attributes of first class until this new Geddesian epoch. On these first-class trunks we are going, by the grace of Geddes, assisted by that real road expert, Sir Henry Maybury, to demonstrate to the Romans what dam fools they were at the job, and what nuts our unemployed, backed by our over-employed tax-payers, are. Incidentally, two of the four big Roman roads are to be brought back into full activity, and linked up in such parts as have become picturesquely overgrown and fallen into happy disuse, awaiting the horn of the auto. Of these, first comes old Watling Street, and then the Fosse Way; and later on, probably—if the money hold out and we do not go bankrupt over this great scheme of perfection—the Icknield Way and Ermin Street will also be dug out (and up) and récommissioned. These seventeen leading "trunkers" will be linked by "B" roads, especially where important towns make points; and so on down to "C" roads,

which come under the general category of "local." Let us hope that there will be no "C 4" roads *not* fit for autos to live on; but most of these vast schemes of bureaucratic conception are apt to get a good lump of the gilt knocked off the gingerbread before they get completed—if ever!

Brooklands Grand Prix.

There is talk of a big event at Brooklands this season, which, if it take place, will probably be upon August Bank Holiday, after Indianapolis and the Grand Prix at Sarthe have shot their bolts and the principal racing-cars of the year are available for fresh engagements, with many



LONDON'S LATEST RIVER-CRAFT: THE HYDROGLIDER.

This curious-looking craft is London's latest "thrill." It is driven by an aeroplane propeller, and speeds along at fifty miles an hour. It was recently officially inspected by Air Service experts.

of them actually upon this side of the little old Atlantic. I do not fancy that the old folk of the S.M.M.T. are over-keen upon the idea of a 500-mile Grand Prix upon the track; but I doubt if they would openly try to put their feet down upon it good and hard, playing the rôle rather of passive resisters than active objectors. It must not, however, be thought that it is as yet very far advanced beyond the idea stage, as some papers would try to convey between the lines. There is a big bunch of details and difficulties to be got rid of before even arriving at the probable stage. It would be a big show for the track, and no small advertisement, incidentally, for British motoring. Meanwhile, the S.M.M.T. has detailed a sub-committee to excogitate conditions for a road race in the Isle of Man, to be held if the omens be auspicious; and the Brooklands season stands arranged upon the old lines and the usual dates, and will certainly include a 500-mile motor-cycle race, when there should be some fun and fireworks!



AN INGENUOUS FORD CONVERSION: THE "ACE OF DIAMONDS."

Our photograph illustrates an ingeniously-converted Ford. The usual Ford chassis is used, and there is mounted on it a sporting two-seater body, painted red with black lines. Further, the chassis is dropped, so that the car may hold the road at high speed. The car is capable of a speed of sixty miles an hour. Its petrol consumption is about forty miles to the gallon. The whole reflects much credit upon Messrs. McEwan and Stevens, of 23A, Ensor Mews, Cranley Gardens, South Kensington, who sell it at £350.

The Anatomy of Automobilmism.

I love nice big fat books, and was delighted to receive last week a monster tome, entitled "Automobiles of the World" (Aeroplane and General Publishing Company; 42s. net), edited by Major W. de B. Whittaker and Captain P. A. Barron. With some dozen exceptions, this extraordinary analysis contains full and practically up-to-date particulars of every car and lorry manufactured in the world, including the latest "enemy" models and the products of Czecho-Slovakia, in tabulated detail and illustrated, together with a short history of each firm of manufacturers. As a foreword there is a concise history of the whole automobile movement. Doubtless there are mistakes in this; the first year of the issue of what is to be an annual, but they are not strikingly apparent at first sight, and it seems to me to be extraordinarily accurate, especially when it is remembered that it has been produced under conditions of no small difficulty. It is not only of great value as a work of reference, but to the motorist there is a mine of interesting information upon every page, and any amount of reading matter.

The first issue of

EVE

The Lady's Pictorial

which is the joint production of "EVE"—the unique journal for modern women—and that older favourite, "The Lady's Pictorial," will be published on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2nd.

Furthermore, "EVE"—in its new and more attractive form—has absorbed

The Woman's Supplement

the beautiful magazine previously issued by "The Times" from Printing House Square. This concentration of the best hitherto existing in the world of women's journals ensures the highest possible standard of excellence in all departments—Fashions, Art, Literature, Society and Domestic affairs.

ORDER—IN ADVANCE
Your Copy of

EVE

The Lady's Pictorial

Price One Shilling Weekly



THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

MARRIAGE is full of possibilities, but empty of actualities.

A young and ambitious barrister was briefed for a suit in Chancery, and found himself opposed by a band of counsel that included some of the highest legal luminaries in the land. What exactly was the nature of the case is of no concern, except that it was particularly involved and that the defendants in the action—a Midland manufacturing firm—believed from the start that it was

wink. The Count took up his hat and cane and, making a hurried exit, laughingly exclaimed, "Ah, zeese Eenglese gendres, I not understand!"

Beauty may be skin-deep, but the depths of a plain woman's thoughts are unfathomable.

Cases of absence of mind are frequently deserving of pity, but I cannot bring myself to feel the slightest sympathy for the gentleman who recently removed his own umbrella from a restaurant under the erroneous impression that it belonged to a total stranger.

An actor-manager, in search of a patron to put up five or six thousand pounds for a proposed production of his, managed to get himself invited to dine with a friend where two multi-millionaires were also to be present. It was well known that each of these wealthy men had "backed" two or three successful shows. So the actor was full of hope. They all met at cocktail time in the house of his friend, and, as actors rush in where millionaires fear to tread, the actor began talking about his previous successes. Strangely enough, the million-makers didn't seem to be interested in the slightest degree. They compared notes with each other as to how many thousands of pounds' worth of stock they had secured or sold or lost in this, that, and the other concern. Throughout dinner the conversation waxed uneasily for the actor, who sat between the hoped-for patrons. Every time he attempted to mention that measly little five thou., he was out-talked by some reference to eighty or a hundred thousand which one or the other had lost last Thursday, but hoped to get back before next Monday, and so on. Then, just as one leaned across in front of him and said to the other, "Yes; I reckon I'll clear a clean million on that Bolivian oil deal"—just at that moment the butler, passing



BEATRICE LILLIE WITH HER HUSBAND AND BABY:
A FAMILY GROUP.

Our photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peel with their baby. Mrs. Peel was, before her marriage, Miss Beatrice Lillie, the popular revue actress, who was so well known on the London stage. She is the wife of Mr. Robert Peel, only son of Sir Robert Peel, fourth Baronet, of Drayton Manor, Staffordshire, and was married in 1920.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

hopeless. So the conduct of the case was left entirely in the hands of the aforesaid young and ambitious barrister. For days and days the case went on—argument against argument, fact against fact. But finally the defendants won. The chief director of the firm had got so bored with all the rhetorical pyrotechnics of opposing counsel and was so assured of defeat that he withdrew to his provincial home to await news of the result. On the verdict being announced the young and ambitious and now successful barrister rushed to the telegraph office and wired to the firm: "Truth and justice have prevailed." Within an hour he received from the firm this simple message: "Lodge an appeal at once."

Few men are immoral until they get married. And the truly moral married man has generally had a *past*.

Latest uncensored Daffodilly—

Q. Do you know Harvey?

A. What Harvey?

Are ve downhearted!

As the result of the working of much intrigue and social machinations, a French Count of truly noble birth was induced to call upon a newly made tradesman knight whose recently purchased palatial residence was as banal and as lacking in distinction as was his wife. But she had arranged for the "call" of the Count, and had consequently gathered in a party consisting chiefly of people who, of course, had not called before. The Count arrived. He was made the object of everyone's attention immediately. Milady of the house made a point-blank attack at him in a raucous Cockney accent, which the kindly dispositioned Count took to be a comic affectation. He could understand but little English even when it was well spoken. But the war-contractress's speech was altogether too much for his comprehension. He determined to fly. With full courage in hands and a little polite speech ready made, he approached his hostess and said, "It is zat you must pardonner me, but I 'as now, zis moment, to go off, as I do not wish to cockroach on your time." The hostess gave him a nudge of familiarity, and replied, "Ah, nong, Monseer. In Henglish we say 'hencroach,' see?" And finished her exhibition of grammatical super-knowledge with a well-delivered Mile End Road



EDITOR OF A NEW COMBINATION:
MR. EDWARD HUSKINSON.

Mr. Huskinson, who is the editor of the "Tatler," also edits "Eve," with which are being combined "The Woman's Supplement" and the "Lady's Pictorial." The first joint number of the three papers, under the title, "Eve—The Lady's Pictorial," will be published on March 2. Mr. Huskinson is well known not only as an editor, but as a political cartoonist.

Photograph by Hoppe.

behind the actor, spoke: "Brandy or Benedictine, Sir?" The exasperated actor, realising that the end of the party was near and that his mission was fruitless, flung up his arms in desperation and shouted, "Oh, millions and millions of Benedictines and Brandies!"

SPEX.



The Summit of Quality

Nothing but choice lean beef—concentrated to the utmost—is used for Lemco. For nearly 60 years in kitchen, sickroom and in hospital—Lemco has stood the test of time and use in every corner of the world.

Its handiness, convenience, perfect purity, delicate flavour, unimpeachable quality and high standard of concentration have won for it an unique position.

A little goes a long way.

**32 cupsful of strong, pure
beef-tea in a 4-oz. jar.**

LEMCO, Thames House, London, E.C. 4.



The Oriental Pearl is a Geographical Expression—

ONCE, an Oriental origin meant everything in a pearl.

To-day, it is merely an expensive geographical expression.

The seas of the Orient yield nothing in pearls that the science of Tékla cannot create.

A necklace of Tékla Pearls and a necklace of Oriental Pearls are so inextinguishably alike that even geographical distinctions are lost in an interchangeable harmony of light and shade!

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VOGUES & VANITIES

By
CARMEN
of
COCKAYNE



Then and Now. Once upon a time—within the remembrance of some of us it was—when woman put on her "tea-gown," or her boudoir attire, she must, one can't help feeling, have longed to lock the doors and draw the blinds, in case anyone should see just how plain she looked. There must, one supposes, have been some sort of method in this madness. Perhaps the tea-gown was regarded as a species of hair-shirt—something to remind woman that there were times when she could look really plain, the notion being that such discipline would tend to temper possible conceit and self-satisfaction. For there is no doubt about it; some of the pioneer tea-gowns were quite hideous, and one hates to think of the mental discomfort their wearers must have endured. Dress history to-day shows that the experiment, if it was an experiment, of making women wear ugly things was not a success. That fact probably accounts for the presence of the lovely selection of tea-gowns, boudoir wraps, tea-coats, and other similar informal garments provided for lovely woman when she feels like discarding the gowns of ceremony or those meant for outdoor wear.

So Popular. Women, it is said, are keener than ever on tea-gowns. Of course they are. What sensible woman, with a properly developed taste for dress, could remain indifferent to the lure of gorgeous chiffon brocades, gaily striped or patterned in gold and silver, to satin beauté cunningly draped into a luxurious-looking garment that reconciles one to fatigue; or view pink crêpe-de-Chine, hand-painted and made up into the most flippant-looking tea-coat, with indifference? Truly, it is not always the best works of the dress artist that are seen by the world at large; it was a wise pasha who first thought of the notion of clothing his harem in lovely garments. Dress reconciles one to a great many things, as any woman will cheerfully admit.

New Models. Not that there is any plot afoot to hinder the emancipation-of-women process. The harem idea merely crops up in connection with the undoubtedly Oriental tendencies displayed by some of the tea-gowns at Debenham's, in Wigmore Street, where Ella Fulton went searching for ideas to beautify this page. Judge for yourselves how successful she has been; and her sketches, it is scarcely necessary to add, show but very few of the beautiful models to be found at the salons named above. For example, what about black-and-gold brocade, with a wide "shadow" stripe in red subtly shot with green, as the medium for a tea-gown? The upper part is of transparent gold lace, in a handsome rose-and-leaf pattern, and the girdle, too, is of gold. There is a distinct flavour of Oriental magnificence, too, about another model in many-coloured tinsel brocade. Red and mauve and silver and black and gold and other shades are all mixed, or rather blended, in a delightful confusion; and,

as if that were not enough, the straight slip that is made of this material is entirely veiled in royal-blue georgette, to which is added a deep outline collar of gold lace.

Mediæval Lines. Brides have been busy proving that the long, dignified mediæval line is just as becoming as brief skirts and next-to-nothing kind of bodices, and Debenham's demonstrate that it can be equally well applied to a tea-gown. To prove it they develop a model in blue satin embroidered with copper thread, adding long back and front panels outlined with copper-thread stitching. There is no belt; but the very long sash worn rather low

down forms also a train at one side, this latter being a liberty of the kind that a dress artist can always take if he feels that the appearance of the finished article will be improved thereby.

Spider-Webs. Spider-web designs are making their appearance not only on gowns for afternoon wear, but on underclothes, and even on stockings and tea-coats. Perhaps, from the purely selfish point of view, it is not wise to remind a man of the tale of the spider and the fly; but the effect of delicately worked spider-webs is so attractive that fashion seems ready to take what little risk there may be involved. So one finds hand-painted tea-coats of georgette, as well as crêpe-de-Chine, decorated with, maybe, red roses and butterflies, and embroidered with flimsy-looking spiders' webs in the finest silver thread.

About Tea-Coats. No doubt there are people who wear tea-coats at tea-time. It's nice, is it not, to belong to the leisured of the earth? Still, if one does not happen to be included in the category, that is no reason to deny oneself the possession of a tea-coat that reaches almost to the knees, and is quite capable of doing tea-gown, or even dinner-gown, duty in company with, perhaps, a frock that has seen better days, but is capable of a further spell of usefulness under kindly draperies of deep-coral-coloured georgette, edged

with marabout dyed the same beautiful shade. That is another point about tea-gowns; the most gorgeous of colours, all blended together or used separately, can be employed, and women with a taste for exoticism can indulge it to the full.

Other Notes. Girls' frocks, too, are carefully planned. It is not often that cheapness and chic are so successfully combined as they are at Debenham's, where all kinds of "slip-on" models are finished with the flower girdle that is, at the moment, replacing the more ordinary girdle of cord or ribbon. Now and again one finds the draped sash used, the kindly folds of which do so much towards concealing angularities, and generally improving the figure of a still-growing girl.



Who would not joyfully wear a tea-gown, especially if it were of brocade and gold net, or a delectable mixture of blue ninon and brocade?



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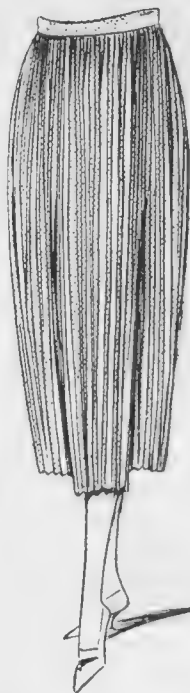
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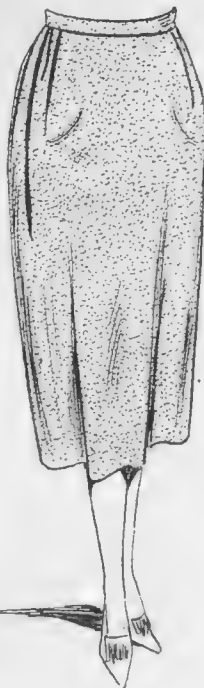
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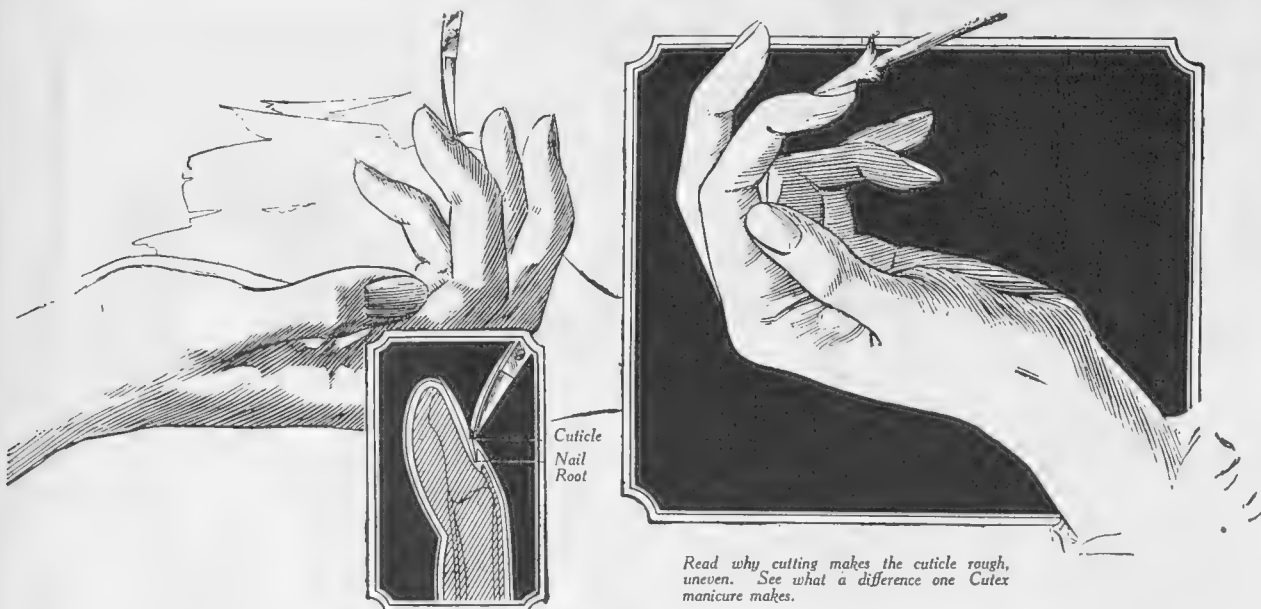
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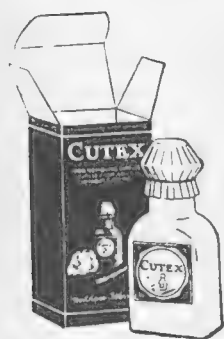
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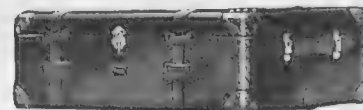
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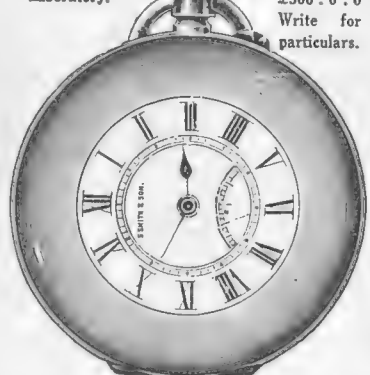
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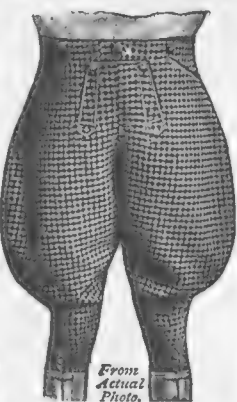
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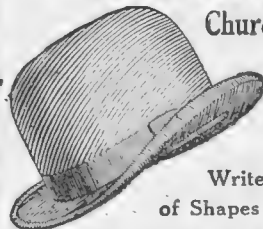
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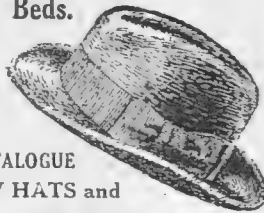


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The Nineteenth.



THE ELEVATED GOLFER: Shay, oie chap, d'you mind taking the pin out?

DRAWN BY JOHN HARRIS.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Better be Sure Than Sorry. No one allowed to see the passing of the Royal Procession through the Royal Gallery at the opening of Parliament! These are alarming times we live in. There is not anything distinctive about a Sinn Féiner; you or I might be one, inoffensive as we hope we look. You, of course, may look many more attractive things; I am content with inoffensive as an adjective. I heard a lady abusing the House of Lords authorities with all the strong words she keeps in her vocabulary because this privilege could not be hers, as it had been. "As if I would hurt the dear King or Queen or the darling Prince! I would give my life for them," she assured all and sundry. I believe she would too, for she is a loyalist of the truest, and a brave, fine woman too. The trouble was she could not quietly give up her seat for the show for them, believing it better to be sure than sorry.

The Monocle Monitor. A German lady brought a German gentleman—the titles are purely of courtesy variety: these attributes are not Teutonic—into Court. He was found to have won the affections of two dozen ladies, each of whom he proposed to marry, and remained engaged to her until most of her worldly possessions were his. In order not to restore them, even formally, in the marriage service, he then started off on another matrimonial adventure, and so ran up his score. Number twenty-five was too many for him. She observed that when he was going to bestow a chaste salute upon her he dropped his monocle. This, she decided, was a thing no gentleman would have permitted himself to do, so she instituted inquiries resulting in the discovery that, even in the German language, he was not a real gentleman. Perhaps it was this that caused a recent order to the German Security Police not to wear monocles. It was said to be because buttons, monocles, ribbons, and orders were regarded with too much reverence by the public.



Photo, Shepstone.
A "demi-saison" coat wrap in grey gabardine, from Bernard; trimmed with blue striped wool poplin.

As Worn by the Queen.

The expedients of window-dressers are often rather funny. "This smart hat only a ginny" was an obvious triumph of enthusiasm over spelling. In the window of a county town draper's I saw some gloves offered at a shilling a pair. They looked as if they might have been in the Ark; certainly they bore discolouring and spotted marks of severe inundation, and were of the species of perished kid which would crackle if touched. It was encouraging to read that "these cannot be repeated." As antiques they may eventually have some slight interest; as coverings for human hands they were worth exactly twelpence less than the price asked for them. In another shop was a remarkable confection, presumably for the hair in the evening, which was labelled "As worn by her Majesty the Queen," who would have to make diligent and certainly futile search in her memory for any possession in the least like this remarkable confection.

Might Have Been Fancy Dress.

The modistes are still busily designing, and some of them have had heart-to-heart talks with their clients. A lady, well known for her real flair for dress, and for her highly appreciated habit of buying very expensive frocks, has definitely cried, "Hold, enough. I am hard up now, and all my friends are getting poorer and poorer; no use at all preparing costly things for us. Try the newly rich, and may the gods have pity on us." The last

[Continued overleaf.]



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Allenburys' Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

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"Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles, made from the choicest fruit juice and pure glycerine, soothe the throat and make the symptoms as transient as the fog itself. You should carry a tin as a measure of precaution.

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Continued.]

aspiration was not because of their declining fortunes, but because of what it is expected that the elect will have to endure from the sight of the most exclusive and latest clothes worn by the newest of the newly rich. There is something in it; already I have seen before lunch, in a private house where a very quietly attired Princess was present, a costume worn that might have made quite a success after dinner at the tables at Monte Carlo. The Princess was said to have spoken of it as fancy dress, quite in good faith.

A Hint Worth Having.

One's dining-room furniture is a thing most precious. I do not mean tables and chairs which reside in feeding-rooms, even if of the best periods. I allude to precious ivories which reside in our mouths—inhabitants, as it were, of our inner dining-rooms. Doctors who might, one can imagine, enjoy ordering "heads off" have to content themselves in these law-abiding days in Merry England with ordering "teeth out." Well, it is near enough to a death sentence: instead of black cap you have the gas-mask. A woman whose teeth were not only useful, but also ornamental, rebelled against this fiat, albeit she had the terrible pyorrhea. She tried "Orisal," and her doctor gives her mouth a clean bill of health after eight months' occasional use of liquid Orisal and regular employment of the Orisal dental paste. Any chemist has it, or will get it. It is also to be had at Orisal, Ltd., 77, George Street, Portman Square, W.1. This is a hint worth having.

Slaves of the Ring.

The old days when spring cleaning was condensed anguish are gone. Now it is easy, because Lush and Cook, *The Cleaners and Dyers*, put quite a different complexion upon things. They renovate the faded, change the colours, make the soiled fresh and new, and give no one in the house the smallest inconvenience. Ring them up, and no slave of the ring in the dear old story of "Aladdin" was ever more quick and efficient. The house-mother may think she wants new covers and cushions; she will have them when they come back from Lush and Cook's. Her stair-carpets, rugs, and mats depress her by their dowdiness; they will exhilarate her by their fresh brightness when these modern magicians return them to her; while as to her curtains and hangings, Lush and Cook will give her new for old. The head office is Hackney Wick, E.9., but there are branches everywhere.

To Start or Not to Start.

When you start off on a railway journey of any length these days you never know when you will be back. Railway-strike threats are about as prevalent as the 'flu' that we await periodically with equal dread. Our dear deserters to sunnier climes may have felt very agitated over the threats; none of

them, I believe, came home sooner in consequence, lest they should be stranded on our shores. On the occasion when the wolf really was there the inconvenience suffered by travellers was almost compensated by the tales they could afterwards tell. At midnight the locomotives were deserted, and there were many adventures encountered. I know positively of one marriage made in consequence, and so far it has proved up to heavenly manufacture sample. So far as I can make out, the people who hate the strike threats worst are the railway men, their wives and families now fast beginning to find unions and leaders more than bits of nuisances.

The Grey Mare's Legs.

Winter sports are said to be secure of feminine support because they conventionalise, as it were, the wearing of breeches by women for that purpose only. After all, the new fashions—perhaps I should say some, and the most extreme of them—are very like a return to trunks and hose. From these in course of time evolved the manly trouser. Of trousers our ambitions fall short; breeches, very dainty and well cut, are what women like; while for knickers we also cherish a regard. The short and bunchy skirts are surely cousins to hose, and I hear they are to be definitely turned in at the hem this spring. The hose—well, they are just the hose, silken and slender and visible for a long distance. A dear old lady said she would have been shocked almost out of her skin at the idea of women in breeches in her middle-aged days. Now she says she is just thankful that they wear coverings at all, the bare-skin area seems to be so greatly on the increase!

As It Was Before the War.

The House of Lords officials are the most expert stage managers in London, though I hope their dignity will not be offended by being so described. How much the entrance of the King and Queen into the House of Lords gains in impressiveness because for some considerable time before the event all lights are turned out! As the Royal couple come in at the door all the lights flare up simultaneously, and the blaze of diamonds almost hurts. People are fond of saying that the conditions of modern life have a bad effect on feminine beauty. But is there any other country in the world that can produce as fine a group of women as the Peeresses of Great Britain look on State occasions with coronet or tiara crowning beautiful toilets literally smothered in jewels? One looked in vain for "jazz" effects last Tuesday. The Peers in their scarlet were the brightest spots. Most of the women wore gowns more or less sober in colour, thus providing a good background for their jewels.

Happy Homes

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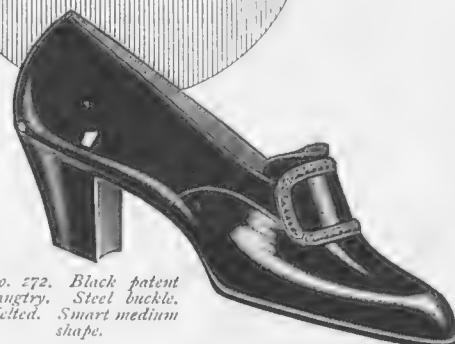
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—A charming strain of soft, delicate shades which are quite new in this section.

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Carters Extra Early	Carters Lavender
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Scarlet	Carters Superb
Carters Pink	Mixture. All colours
Carters Deep Scarlet.	½ lb. 10/-, 1 lb. 18/-

The above are packed in 8d., 1/- and 1/6 packets.

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"AMY."

Full, ample Dressing Gown in flannel Delhi large revers, cuffs and pockets finished with satin stitched long inset sleeve. In sky, saxe, vieux rose, helio, parma, pink, etc.

Pre-war Price 29/6

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"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

COLWYN COMMITTEE REPORT.

WHY what is known as the Colwyn Committee was ever appointed only the Ministry of Transport knows; and now that the Report has appeared, it seems quite clear that it can have no useful result. It has been variously described as "a Bombshell," "an Indictment of the Railway Companies," and so on; but there is little in it really, except an *ex parte* statement qualified by an admission of lack of legal knowledge. The suggestion that the poor, simple-minded Treasury officials didn't really know what they were signing would be ludicrous were it not offensive. It reminds one of counsel trying to convince a jury that a moneylender didn't understand what he was doing when he backed a bill for a friend!

As a matter of fact the boot is very much on the other leg; and if the following table proves anything, it proves that the Railway Companies have suffered very severely from the war, although nearly every other controlled industry did well:—

COMPANY.	Highest 1913.	End of July 1914.	Feb. 1921.	Dividend for 1920. Per Cent.	Approx. Present Yield. Per Cent.
Great Eastern - -	63½	46	26½	2½	10½
Midland Def. - -	77	68	42½	4½	11½
London & North Western	136	125	70½	7½	11½
South Eastern Def. -	68½	37½	22	2½	11½
London Brighton Def. -	96	76½	41	4½	12
North Eastern - -	124	120	72½	7½	10½

Admittedly the fall in the value of money has had something to do with the difference in prices, but uncertainty as to the future is a far more powerful factor.

The Railways have served the country well and truly during the last six years, and all they ask, and ever asked, was that they should be put back again, as far as possible, into the condition in which they existed when the Government took them over in 1914. They gave up men, workshops, mechanics, rolling stock, and even permanent way during the war, and were precluded from carrying out all but the most essential repairs and replacements. In return for this the Government undertook to bear any increase in the cost of such repairs and replacements as and when they could be carried out. How any such stipulation can be looked upon

as harsh or improper passes understanding; and the suggestion that such an agreement should be repudiated is so immoral as to be outside the range of possibility—even to the Ministry of Transport. We think, however, we may extend our sympathy to the latter on the grounds that its child out of the Committee was stillborn!

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Do you ever see *The Sketch*?" asked his broker.

"Why, yes, of course. Every other week, as a matter of fact. I like that 'Finance in a First-Class Carriage.' I always read the advertisements first, and then, if I have time, that Finance business."

"Advertisements first?"

"Yes, rather. The pictures are more—"

"Don't you ever read *The Sketch* in the alternate weeks?" interrupted the broker.

"Can't say I do. You see, it's like this. My sister's aunt has it one week, and—"

"I've done your limit in Dunlops"—a man came running up. "Did you say you had more after this?"

"Leave you another five hundred at the same price," replied the broker. "Half a tick—I'll come across with you."

Our Stroller remained behind to finish his coffee. The place was still crowded, and belated lunchers had difficulty in finding seats.

The Stock Exchange element was strongly represented, as Our Stroller had sub-consciously noted. One gets to recognise the type with tolerable ease after a few years' experience. Our friend, indeed, could usually tell whether a man was a broker or whether a jobber. There are marked differences without, however, any great distinction between the two classes of Stock Exchange members.

The man at the next table was dropping crumbs into his empty glass and discussing the Grand National.

On Our Stroller's right a lively argument proceeded as to the best method for rearing pigs.

Something like a row was in progress over diversities of opinion respecting the merits of the three financial dailies.

Our Stroller began to think he was wasting time. Then his ear caught the word "Cortauld."

"But why don't people buy the shares?" a petulant voice asked.

"Because nobody has the pluck to speculate. They all think prices may go lower, and they want to get in at the bottom."

"It's the same with trade," replied his companion. "People won't buy flannel or leather or metals or furniture—not because they haven't

[Continued overleaf.]

The Tobacco de Luxe

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the choice of cultivated
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SINCE it was first blended in 1867 for the third Earl of Craven—a great connoisseur in Tobacco—Craven Mixture has stood alone as the supreme ideal of perfection in smoking mixtures. It is the only blend that has stood the test of over three decades, and grown continuously in favour.

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"Country Life," Nov. 6th, 1920

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In Kutnow's, science aids nature. Kutnow's corrects the irregularities of digestive functioning. It stimulates the organic elimination of waste from the system. Kutnow's is agreeable in after-effect. Just as pleasantly as health springs tone up and vitalize the digestive system, so does Kutnow's Powder impart snap and vigour.

Every member of the family should take it. Keep Kutnow's Powder in your home; keep sickness out. Correct digestive irregularities before they develop. The small cost per taking represents valuable health insurance. Physicians, hospitals and discriminating people all use Kutnow's Powder.



Of Chemists and Stores everywhere, 3/6. Send for a free sample to S. Kutnow and Co., Ltd., 41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.1.

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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

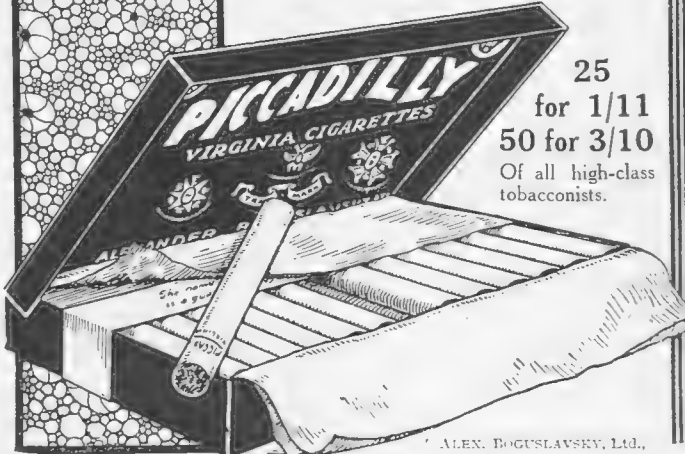
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HAND-MADE, of the very choicest growths of Virginia and East Carolina Tobaccos, a better Cigarette is beyond the art of Cigarette making. Delightful to the palate, harmless to the most delicate throat, Piccadilly Cigarettes are the first choice of West End Clubs and discriminating smokers.

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Of all high-class
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The Briton Overseas

remains British—through and through—never losing his Nationality—nor his characteristics. Above all, he retains the tastes and predilections of the Homeland, and prominent amongst these is his taste for



Wherever Britons do congregate you will find this famous Scotch Whisky—a brand of Historic Lineage and World-wide popularity. As familiar in the far corners of the earth as it is in its native Scotland.

By careful husbanding of stocks we hope to maintain regular (if inadequate) supplies both at home and abroad. But nothing will induce us to impair the unvarying quality of 'P.D.' Whisky—Everyone's favourite Scotch—Everywhere!

PETER DAWSON, Ltd.,
82-84, Great Clyde St., GLASGOW.

Continued.]

got the money, but because they think the fall in prices will go on for ever."

"Which it won't."

"Of course not. When this rush of selling is over and the goods are turned into cash, up prices will go again. It's only because holders are compelled to realise that things are low now. Labour is as dear as ever, and that's the main item of cost."

"At that rate, one ought to lay in as much as one can."

"Naturally. Prices will go higher directly the forced selling is finished. It's the same in the Stock Exchange."

"Not just the same, surely, because labour costs don't enter into Stock Exchange calculations."

"My dear old chap, you know perfectly well that the higher priced anything is, the greater is the percentage of profit made on it. Besides—my bill, please."

Our Stroller repeated some of this dialogue to the broker when the latter returned.

"Probably right," was the careless comment. "All I know is that we see things better inside before long."

"Better inside?"

"Yes; inside the House. Some chaps are quite bullish."

"About what?"

"Business, of course."

"You mean buying?"

"Well, selling isn't much good to us, is it? We make our brokerage, certainly, but what we like to see is a general rise in prices, because that bucks up the public more than anything else. When there's a lot of selling, prices go down, and nobody has the heart to do anything."

"You mean to buy anything?"

"You're as insatiably curious as the Elephant's Child in the 'Just So Stories,'" laughed the broker. "I don't get a chance to say a word. Have another coffee? No? Bill, please, Aphrodite."

The Bow belle beamed brightly and brought both bills.

In the street, Our Stroller neatly detached himself, and lounged in most professional manner against the side of Slater's entrance.

"—What they've been waiting for. All these Malayan tin companies can go ahead when the Excess Profit Duty's off, and, if only tin rises to a decent price, the concerns will make splendid profits."

"We're waiting for a lot of things to go up besides tin. There's rubber. Not to mention silver, and tea, and freights, and—"

"Don't say coal," begged another man. "I'm a bear of coal, and

now they tell me I must pay more for the household stuff in order that industrial coal may be supplied cheaply."

"Cheap coal is an essential to better trade," insisted his friend, playfully dropping cigarette ash down Our Stroller's neck out of mere mischief and mistaken identity.

"But don't buy Vickers. Nor Armstrongs. They may be all right. I don't trust 'em, though, and I wouldn't hold either."

"—Cunards may have to cut their ten per cent. dividend. I'd prefer Imperial Tobacco. They pay well, you know, allowing for the tax-free dividend."

"You can get back the tax if you're entitled to do so, can't you?"

"Oh, rather. From any of these tax-free things. But in your own case—"

"Well? Don't run away."

"In your case—yes, I must be off; unhand me—you'll not be able to dodge super-tax this year, you know!"

Our Stroller watched the victim walk pensively across to the House.

SOFT GOODS.

Selfridges are to be congratulated on the report which has just been issued, showing an increase in both profits and turn-over for the year just passed. It will, we hope, put an end to a certain amount of idle gossip which has been rife during the last few months. Whether the turn-over can be maintained, in view of current conditions, we do not know, but the Company has weathered the last few months so well that the future looks promising.

The first report of Cook, Son and Company (St. Paul's), Ltd., is another which makes a very good showing. The profits are given as £452,300, and after various charges and appropriations are deducted, a dividend of 7 per cent. is to be paid on the Ordinary shares, and £169,900 goes forward. The firm is old-established and well managed, and should do even better in the future.

Friday, Feb. 18, 1921.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

TIN.—The companies are restricting output, owing to the low price and small demand for the metal. Should this continue, dividends will be impossible. Hold for the time being.

G. E.—We do not like the concern, but look upon the Debentures as sufficiently well secured to hold.



TRIUMPH

AN inexpensive method of road travel is afforded the owner of a Trusty Triumph Motor-cycle.

Suitable alike for solo or side-car use its ease of manipulation and reliability make it an ideal mount.

The Junior Triumph Lightweight is a perfect little machine for solo use. Its speed and power are remarkable.

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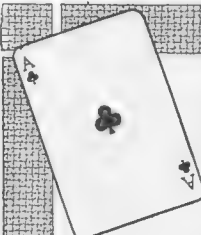
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Dainty and Useful Belt in White
Tricot, elastic inset in front, lacing
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"RAVISSANT" MODEL 34.—
Good Sports Model in White Tricot
with bust fastening in front. Sizes 20 to 28 ins. ... **19/6**

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continue to pour in from all parts of the country. It is evident that there is a great amount of Khaki still lying idle.

Typical Testimony:—

Whitham Road, Broomhill, Sheffield.—"Dear Sirs,—The British Warm has been returned to me, re-dyed Navy Blue, with Buttons to match, and Velvet Collar. To say that I am delighted with it is to put it mildly—all of us think you have made a really excellent job of it. You may rely on my recommending your work whenever possible."—(Signed) T. E. H.

There are hundreds of other testimonials like this at Castlebank.

Make up your Khaki Outfit and post it to Dept. S.W., Castlebank Dyeworks, Anniesland, Glasgow. Return postage is paid.

Ask for Fleur-de-Lys and Khaki leaflet which give full price lists, mentioning Dept. S.W.

Alex. Kennedy & Sons Ltd.

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ANNIESLAND DYeworks
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The value of these Crêpe-de-Chine Blouses is quite extraordinary. They are made from rich, heavy, pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine that has been freely sold during the last few months at 12/6 per yard. They are adapted from exclusive Paris models by our own workers, and are perfectly cut and finished (as sketch), and in another smart design.

RICH CRÊPE-DE-CHINE BLOUSE, heavy quality, well-fitting collar, effectively trimmed with loops of self material, and finished smart tie in front. In ivory, flesh, grey, champagne, lemon, navy, black and a variety of new Spring colourings. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

SPECIAL PRICE

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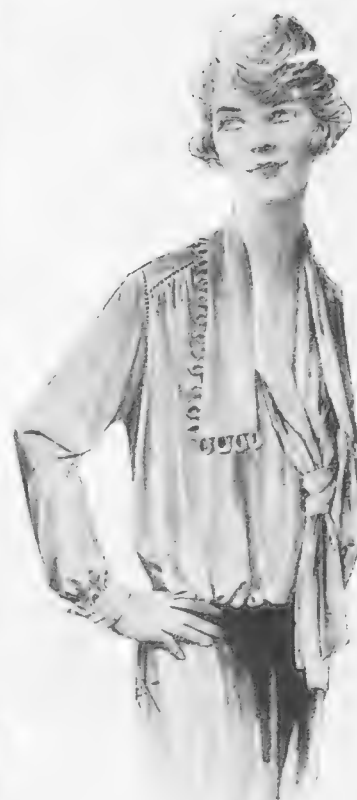
in plain woollen cashmere, fully fashioned double heels. In black, tan and nigger.

Special Price
5/3 per pair.



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Real and
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Underclothing and Baby Garments we send a most unique and interesting

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Finest Embroideries, Laces, and Materials, which will be found useful and instructive. It is advisable and economical to use only the best materials and trimmings.

Specialities:

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New Spring BLOUSE in good quality Georgette, the softly falling revers are edged with narrow kilted frills put on with hemstitching. In ivory, lemon, champagne and egg-blue.

Price 21/9

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"Quality & Service"

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PRICE
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Elastic Corsets and Belts are most fashionable, and, in order to meet the great demand, we have designed a number of attractive models suitable for all figures and occasions. These corsets are made on thoroughly scientific principles under the personal supervision of our highly-skilled French Corsetière, and the material used is a special elastic woven to shape which, without straining or discomfort, gives the necessary support.

NEW BELT, made of woven washable elastic, in white or pink. Sizes 20" to 30". Bust Bodice (as sketch), specially designed for full figures, to be worn with very low corsets.

Elastic Corsets and Belts in stock priced from 25/9 to 4½ Gns. Bust Bodices, 15/9 to 25/9.



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HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.



TOO many moderns let their cigarette smoking develop into a mere nervous habit of unconsidered repetition. No harm in that, perhaps, so it stop short of real excess. But what a misuse of an exquisite gift of the kindly gods! Mere gratitude should dictate a more thoughtful appreciation of such good things as

MATINÉE Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf by ALLAN RAMSAY

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The Whisky

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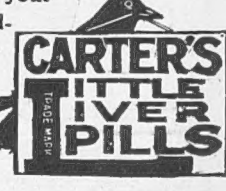
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The Aristocrat

—departs on the GRAND TOUR



FOR the benefit of those who missed the formal introduction of The Aristocrat (last month), it should be mentioned that he is a character created to personify "De Reszke" Cigarettes. In this rôle he will go upon a Grand Tour, attending the most interesting fashionable and sporting events in various parts of the world. Here you see him on point of departure for Paris, where he will subsequently be seen at the Opera.

The Marquis of Headfort writes:—

"The 'De Reszke' Cigarette is of very fine flavour, and pleasant to the palate."

"De Reszkes"—By Appointment to your Palate

The probability that you already smoke "De Reszkes" must not be allowed to obscure the possibility that you do not—the possibility that you have not yet tried them.

Until you have savoured their fragrance, discerned their purity and considered their charm, you—you—cannot know that they hold a life appointment to your palate. Tenors are in the White Boxes, Americans in the Red. Both are "De Reszkes."



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